Section 9 - Jesuitica

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THE
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LETTERS

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TRINCOMALEE, CEYLON

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and
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By virtue of a decree of March 12, 1946, the New Orleans Province of the Society formally took over the Mission of Trincomalee, Ceylon. The transfer from the French Province of Champagne is rather unusual because Trincomalee is the first Mission to be entrusted to American Jesuits since the close of the War, and because New Orleans was itself at one time the mission of another French Province of Lyons.

The history of Ceylon, "the pearl of the Indies" goes back to a misty past when King Solomon is thought to have obtained his "ivory, apes and peacocks from Taprobane" as the Island was later known by the Greeks and Romans. About 500 B.C. the Sinhalese conquered Ceylon and accepted Buddhism, the religion of the Island. Later, the Tamils from India, disputing their conquest, introduced Hinduism and today after more than two thousand years, these two religions are followed by close to five millions of Ceylon's inhabitants, while the Catholics, at present, number about four hundred and fifty thousand.

Macaulay, writing of the Society in his *History of England* says: "Before the Order had existed a hundred years, it had filled the whole world with memorials of

great things done and suffered for the Faith." The Society in its desire to save all souls through the vivifying God-Man, showed beyond a doubt a marked predilection for India and Ceylon. On May 6, 1542, Xavier first set foot on Indian soil. He landed at Goa. As a result of his indefatigable zeal and the help he received in personnel from Rome, the first Mission of the Society could already, on October 10, 1549, be constituted an independent Province. The cherished dream of Ignatius was realized! The Mission of Travancore became the third Province formed in the new Society of Jesus. Only the Provinces of Portugal and Spain had preceded it. Although Xavier probably never set foot in Ceylon proper, he set up a glorious example of self-sacrifice and love for souls, and planted the seed which has been the means of thousands of the Society's Sons following in his footsteps and widening, ever widening the quest for souls all over India and Ceylon.

We can say without doubt that the "Call of the Missions" was what brought the Society into being. Had not Ignatius upon rising from his sick bed and now aflame with a new ideal, sworn heart and soul to His Lord and King to spread the glory of His Name and His Church? Had he not, in the spirit of a Missionary, bound himself by vow to sail for the Holy Land to convert the Mohammedans? We know that in spite of indescribable difficulties and dangers, Ignatius finally reached Jerusalem but was forced to return soon after. Ever, while preparing himself at the Universities of Alcala, Salamanca and Paris, he could not forget his supreme purpose—the conversion of the Orient.

As far back as 1545 when Ceylon was under the Bishops of Goa and Cochin, we read of the princes of Trincomalee being willing to become Christians with 3,000 others. From then on, the territory now entrusted to the Southern Jesuits has been an integral part of the history of the Church. In 1628 the Island was attached to the Jesuit Province of Malabar, and

in 1800 the first Church of St. Anthony at Batticaloa was built. In 1893 the diocese of Trincomalee came into being with an area detached from the diocese of Jaffna and was entrusted to the Jesuits of the French Province of Champagne.

If you were asked: "Where is Ceylon," I think most of the readers of THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS would answer as so many others: "Why it's part of India!" And do not be surprised if you find out that you are wrong. Even Western Union made the same mistake when a cable was sent to Father John T. Linehan, Superior of Trincomalee, and the clerk after some insistence on the part of the sender of the cable, finally found out that Ceylon is listed as a separate country—which it actually is. It is rather small if we compare it to the rest of the world's countries. It is a tear-shaped island, lying off the southern tip of India, comprising 25,000 square miles. Its greatest length is 270 miles, its greatest width 140. It lies approximately between five degrees and nine degrees north of the equator—on the same latitude as Panama.

Even though the central part is mountainous, Ceylon is a tropical island. At sea level, the climate varies little all the year round, nor is there much variation between day and night temperature. The thermometer will seldom fall below 75 degrees and seldom rise above 95. From May to August the southwest *monsoon,* a steady rain-bearing wind, blows up from Africa across the Indian ocean and brings heavy showers to Ceylon's western half. From October to February, the process reverses itself, and a Northeast *monsoon* brings rain down from the central plains of China, across Burma and the Bay of Bengal to the eastern half. Snow can be seen, of course, on the mountain peaks some 7,000 feet high and the villages near the top are quite chilly. So, if you are in a position to change your abode as you will, (which the missionaries cannot do), you can have almost any kind of weather you want.

As our ship completes the voyage of from 9,000 to 11,000 miles from the States—depending on whether

we sailed from New York or from one of the Western ports, we see our first vista of the Pearl of the Indian Ocean—a jumbled heap of lofty, verdant mountains, with shapely Adam's peak coming majestically into view as we draw nearer. Then come the shining shores of yellow sand, lying behind coral reefs, with the foaming breakers training their wraiths of spindrift right up under the graceful coconut trees. Frail little native fishing canoes, with their reddish-brown sails and dainty outriggers dance over the clear, green water. The coastal road and railroad wind along under the coconut palms southward and northward from Colombo, the great terminus of everything in Ceylon. There are the little palm-thatched villages of the fisherfolk, and the rather pretentious white villas of the wealthy Ceylonese and European residents.

Colombo is a modern city of a quarter million people, and has its department stores, transit lines, government and municipal buildings; its neon-signs, movie theaters, hotels; its bustling crowds of white-clad humanity; its wealth and its poverty. In normal times, its large stores stock many of the things that you find in the stores at home. Nearly all the department stores and steamship agencies are owned by British concerns, and the general character of the business establishments is, of course, British. Quite a few United States companies are represented, and many American products are on the market. The automobiles are British and American, and most of the busses and trucks are Chevrolets, Fords, Dodges and other American makes. Colombo has its broadcasting station, a government monopoly—as is the case throughout the British Empire. There are two large newspaper buildings with their dailies and weeklies in English, Sinhalese and Tamil.

Colombo, where we land, is on the west coast. The Trincomalee Mission is on the east coast, and to reach it we have to endure the punishment of the Ceylon Government Railway, a dusty, hot, smoky, rough and fatiguing trip of twelve to fourteen hours. The dis-

tance is a little over two-hundred miles, as the train bears northward to skirt the mountains. We drag painfully along through seemingly endless miles of scrub jungle, passing small villages with their palms, paddy (rice) fields and plantation trees. We see the Ceylonese villagers at work in the fields, squatting in their little roadside shops, plying the trades of carpenter, bricklayer and brickmaker, basket-weaver, blacksmith; driving trucks and busses and bullock carts; riding innumerable bicycles. We pass an occasional elephant, working ponderously and solemnly on the road. We see thousands of mangy curs lying about in the villages, little naked children playing under the trees; men, women and children taking their daily bath at the village well. We see the Buddhist and Hindu temples, the mosques, the scattered churches. And then, for miles and miles and miles, our train puffs laboriously along a land of scrubby jungle that walls us in on both sides with its thick and thorny mass of green, while troupes of monkeys peer out at us.

Trincomalee is said to have one of the finest natural harbors in the world. The whole British fleet could anchor there, with plenty of leeway. There is the big bay of Kottiyar, into which the Mahaveliganga ("Big Sandy River"), Ceylon's largest river, empties. At the north end of this bay the peninsula of Trincomalee juts out like a misshapen hand, the fingers of which are rocky, wooded ridges that rise from sea level to a height of a couple of hundred feet. These ridges, as the Japs so painfully learned, bristle with artillery. The Royal Air Force air-field at China Bay guards the harbor, and it was from this field that a flight of a hundred Superforts took off one day during the war to bomb Burma, fifteen hundred miles away. The Japs considered Trincomalee important enough to require a raid; so they came, with British Hurricane planes, captured further East, and returned some of the British bombs they had "borrowed, please, thank you" at Singapore.

In normal times, Trincomalee is nothing more than

a sleepy little seaside town, quite sultry, with a population of 8,000 or so, half encircled by thick jungle, and with just a few tiny villages on its outskirts. Each of the two British patrol fleets (mostly cruisers) in the surrounding waters, puts in for six weeks out of the year for shore training. Then, there is a little life in the village, but things soon go back to the sleepy routine once the fleet has left.

Trincomalee is important for us because it is nominally the capitol of the Mission. Of the six dioceses in Ceylon, our Mission is the smallest in population, largest in extent, poorest and most backward. The Archdiocese of Colombo, second largest in the East in number of Catholics, is under the control of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate. Likewise the thriving Tamil diocese of Jaffna in the north of the Island is managed by these missionaries. They have a large number of Ceylonese Priests, both diocesan and religious. In fact, some ten years ago, a portion of the Archdiocese was erected into a new diocese of Chilaw, with a Ceylonese Bishop and all Ceylonese diocesan clergy. The central mountain region is cared for by the Silvestrine Benedictine Fathers. Kandy capitol of the Diocese, is Ceylon's most beautiful city, and a "must" for all tourists. The world-famous botanical gardens of Peradeniya lie on the outskirts of Kandy in an elbow of the Mahaveliganga, and the famous Temple of the Tooth, with its supposed relic of Buddha, dominates the center of the city. On the northern side, high above its charming little lake, is the Papal Seminary, where native Indian and Ceylonese youth are trained for the Priesthood. This is a Jesuit Institution, managed by the Belgian and Italian Fathers, and ultimately to be entrusted entirely to the Italian Jesuits of the Naples Province. One of the New Orleans Jesuits, Father Ignatius T. Glennie, was recruited from Trincomalee some five or six years ago to teach theology in the Seminary, and is now the Rector of the Institution since 1944. Seminarians from all over India and Ceylon, about 160 in number,

make their priestly studies at Kandy, under the auspices of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. The seminary, intended to be the mother of all the seminaries of India, Burma and Ceylon, has never been completed. Lack of funds has retarded its growth considerably, and in fact, during and since the war, it has been reduced almost to a state of poverty.

In the South of the Island is the mission of Galle, under the care of the Italian Jesuits. The late Bishop Robichez of Trincomalee acted as Apostolic Administrator of Galle for eighteen years. The Trincomalee Mission is a mere 5,000 square miles in area, hardly larger than a fair sized county in one of our States, and only about a third of that area is inhabited. The population runs to about 250,000, of whom about 12,000 are Catholics. The rest are Hindus and Muslims, with a sprinkling of Buddhists and Protestants.

In 1895 the French Jesuits of the Province of Champagne were requested to take over the little mission field, as the two (only TWO, mind you!) Oblate priests who were laboring there found it impossible to live in the poverty-striken place and were abandoning it. The French Jesuits, between 1895 and 1913, sent about thirty men to the mission. From 1913 to 1915 three additional men arrived from France. And after 1915, the little trickle of missionaries stopped completely. Four Ceylonese Jesuits were added to the mission staff, and an equal number of diocesan priests. But no reinforcements could any longer be sent from France to take the places of those who had succumbed to old age and the rigors of tropical disease. The result was that by 1933 the mission was sadly undermanned. Those of the long-suffering French Jesuits who remained, though zealous and hardworking, were quite insufficient to care even for the scattered communities of Catholics—to say nothing of expanding the mission by way of new conversion enterprises. They did their best, and they did excellently, but they were obliged to appeal for help. Their own Province of Champagne already had a large mission in China

and another in Madagascar, and could not possibly send more men to Ceylon. All the other Provinces of the Society had their committments. The New Orleans Province was asked to step in and do what it could. Seven men were sent out from New Orleans to Ceylon. After 1935 there were no more to send. Those who arrived in 1935 found a mission dying on its feet for lack of Priests and lack of financial support. The little stations and schools that the pioneer French Jesuits had built up, were struggling for their very existence. No progress had been made since about 1915. The mission force consisted of venerable, grey-bearded men of God who had borne the heat of the day and the anxiety of the ministry for many years; and for assistance, they had only a small complement of young, inexperienced diocesan clergy. The Bishop, a man of advanced age and feeble health, was doing all he could to hold the mission together. The first World War, too, had put an end almost entirely to financial aid from France.

For twelve years, the little group of American Jesuits, five in number, carried their small share of the burden of the mission, sick at heart and helpless in the face of its steady deterioration. The one Priest who had come to the Mission had been forced to return home, broken in health. He was Father Edward T. Cassidy. Mr. John J. O'Connor, a young scholastic from Georgia, had died of pneumonia while studying theology in the Himalaya mountains in India. The state of stagnation and lethargy into which the mission sank, as one by one, year by year, the venerable old missionaries passed away and no one came to replace them, was disheartening. New Orleans could not possibly spare the men needed for the work. The little band hoped against hope, until the war broke out. Then even hope seemed to die; and for the six long, weary years of the war, cut off from the outside world, poor, hungry, discouraged, they waited and prayed.

Finally, in September 1945, as soon after V-J Day as communications with Rome could be re-established,

the glad news came from half way round the world that the New Orleans Province was to be given complete charge of the mission, to have and to hold as its very own. No wretched prisoner of war, pining his life away behind Japanese or Nazi barb-wire, could have breathed a happier sigh of relief than did the little mission band of Trincomalee on receiving this news.

The Mission area is the poorest and most backward part of Ceylon—the section that the politicians think of last when there is any question of spending government money on improvements. The people are not in that extreme poverty that one finds so depressing in parts of India, but they *are* poor. Their churches and chapels are poor, and insufficient in number; their schools are below standard, even by comparison with the other schools of the Island; their social and economic condition needs much rehabilitation, and above all, from lack of proper care, they have fallen low in their knowledge and practice of the Faith—and many have fallen away.

Trincomalee boasts a cathedral church. It has a school for boys, staffed partly by Jesuits, and one for girls, managed by the Sisters of the Apostolic Carmel from Mangalore, India. Both schools are small and very poorly equipped. Imagine a school without a library, or sanitary arrangements! The boys' school in particular, St. Joseph's College, a combination grade and high school on British lines, is wretchedly poor. It is simply a good-sized shed, with no division except a straw mat between each of the class-rooms. Even essential facilities are extremely sketchy. The same applies to the girls' school—and to all the schools of the mission. Attached to the Trincomalee cathedral are a number of chapels, running about thirty miles up the coast to the northern boundary of the mission. The people served by these are poor farmers and fishermen. There are Hindus to whom the Faith has never been made known.

Eighty-four miles south of Trincomalee, and also

on the coast, is the town of Batticaloa. Connecting the two places is a hard-surfaced road, over which a bus plies once a day with the mail. The trip takes eight to ten hours, as there are seven primitive, hand-propelled ferries to be crossed at various points where the sea runs inland into the lagoons, or the rivers from the interior empty out into the sea. Some twenty miles south of Trincomalee, and separated from it by four of the ferries, impassable in the monsoon season, is the mission station of Mutur, with two resident Priests. This station, usually assigned to a Jesuit, has a number of sub-stations attached to it, and serves some of the poorest people in Ceylon. The country between Mutur and Batticaloa, to within twenty-three miles of the latter, is mostly waste-land, jungle. There are small villages of farmers and fishermen scattered along the road; but in the interior you will find nothing but wild elephants, bears, deer, leopards and monkeys. The annual floods of the Mehaveliganga, and the malaria render the place quite uninhabitable.

Batticaloa is the real center of the Mission. Most of the 250,000 inhabitants of the region are crowded around it, within a radius of twenty-five miles. A railway, with one train a day service, connects Batticaloa with Colombo and other parts of the west. The town itself is situated on the shore of a beautiful tropical lagoon, famed for its mysterious "singing fish". Part of the population lives on an island in the lagoon, close to the west bank. A fine steel bridge spans it at Batticaloa, carrying the traffic to points farther south. Batticaloa has a reputation somewhat like Nazareth had in the time of Our Lord. People in other parts of the Island are inclined to smile when you mention Batticaloa.

On the island of Puliyantivu in the lagoon is the large boys' school, known as St. Michael's College. It is organized along the same lines as St. Joseph's in Trincomalee, but has a substantial brick building—and real class rooms! Much of the missionary effort expanded by the French Jesuits and particularly by

Father Ferdinand Bonnel, who was connected with the school for thirty years, went into the establishment of this central school. It promised well when it was started about 1915, but like the rest of the mission, owing to lack of men and money, it has never achieved its full development. At present it enrolls a mere 375 boys, of both grade and high school. It has room for double that number—the normal enrollment of this type of school in Ceylon. The girls' school under the Apostolic Carmel Sisters, has a smaller enrollment. The Methodists have a good girls' school (their only establishment of any importance in the mission), and it gives considerable competition to our St. Cecilia's.

Educational work in Ceylon is much hampered by the fact that our Catholic schools have always depended upon government support. The people, as a whole, are too poor to support their own schools. The government pays part of the expenses, and in return exercises a large measure of control over the schools. The final examinations, for instance, are given by the Department of Education. Unfortunately, the present incumbent of the Ministry of Education is a man violently hostile to the Church, and has done everything in his power to pass discriminatory laws and regulations.

As Batticaloa is the principal center of population in the mission, the Bishop makes his residence there, the parish church at Puliyantivu serving as his procathedral. This parish has a rather unique form of organization. When the French Jesuits arrived in Batticaloa fifty-one years ago, they found there a small chapel dedicated to St. Anthony that had been built years before by the old Oratorian missionaries from India. This little chapel was inadequate for the congregation, so the Jesuits set about building a larger church, dedicated to Our Lady. Imagine their surprise when a large portion of the parishioners rose up and opposed the new St. Mary's Church. They were people of a certain caste who had been associated with St. Anthony's for generations, and more or less controlled it—Bishops to the contrary notwithstanding!

The new church was being backed by another, higher caste. A caste feud broke out, violence reared its ugly head, and a split threatened. The Bishop finally succeeded in getting the offending and offended parties to compromise. The old, dilapidated St. Anthony's was allowed to stand, and each year part of the major services of the calendar, like Holy Week and Christmas, were to be held alternately in the two churches. The ancient, shabby little church of St. Anthony should have been torn down, but that would have precipitated a schism.

Caste troubles plague the entire mission. Although Ceylon generally is not as fanatic on this point as India, yet in backward Batticaloa, caste distinctions, even among Catholics, still count for a great deal. Much has been written on the subject of caste among the Hindus. It is a doctrine, based ultimately on religion and originating in almost prehistoric times, that has throughly permeated the Indian social structure. Even aside from religious issues, it controls the social habits of the people. According to the principle of caste, the children fall into the same class of society as their parents and ancestors, reaching back to time immemorial—but never forgotten! They cannot change their caste, cannot rise from a lower to a higher position in society and are bound to carry on the trade or occupation of their caste. The lower castes, particularly, suffer from this hide-bound system—the people who discharge the more menial tasks, or tasks that were once menial in ancient times. These are "outcastes" and "pariahs". To the orthodox high-caste Hindu, any contact with a person of one of these lower castes brings religious contamination. Even the Catholics of better caste hold themselves aloof from their more humble brethren. It is Pharisaism carried to the extreme. The Pharisees of old never reached the heights of pride and conceit that the Hindu Brahmins have always held.

In the mission there are several of these low castes, among whom are little groups of Catholics. While the

missionaries have managed to secure for these people at least the fundamental rights of members of the Catholic Church, there are many little restrictions placed upon them by their brethren of the "higher" castes. Neither they, nor the Fathers, nor even enlightened members of these other castes, can do anything to remedy the situation substantially. There are villages in which opposing castes of Catholics live in a state of continual and uncompromising feud. It is a petty thing, seldom assuming the proportions of open violence, but sufficiently active and insidious to maintain a state of continuous unrest. Education, the gradual formation of a more Christian mentality, the providing of another, less harmful, outlet for the activities of these indolent people, are the only solutions to this unhappy state of affairs.

On another Island in the Batticaloa lagoon, cut off from the mainland by several hundred yards of crocodile-infested waters, is the leper hospital of Mantivu. This is a government institution, providing for about 300 patients. The unfortunate sufferers from this dread disease are efficiently and lovingly cared for by the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary. The nuns bind themselves to the service of these repulsive wrecks of humanity. Their work is done under government supervision, and they are forbidden to do any "proselytizing". But they have managed to open the gates of heaven to many a dying leper.

All together, there are, besides the larger parishes of Trincomalee and Batticaloa, some six or seven other stations in the mission, each with its resident priest, and in some places, an assistant. Attached to some of these stations there are several sub-stations, serving small communities of Catholics in out-of-the-way places. Facilities in these stations are most meagre. The people do not support their pastors, and other sources of income are very restricted. For transportation the missionary has to rely on unreliable busses (and even then has to fight for a seat on one!) or a bicycle—or, lowest of all, a bullock cart. Five or six small British

cars would make all the difference to these men. As it is, the scattered flocks see the priest only two or three times a year.

At present there is very little conversion work going on or even possible. The Hindus, who are in the majority, are extremely fanatic in their beliefs. And these beliefs are not the elaborate Hindu doctrines you read about in books. They are a conglomeration of superstition, devil-worship and fetishism. Yes, they actually worship the devil! It is a cult of fear, a cult springing from their ignorance of the forces that they imagine bring them disease and "bad luck". To appease that imaginary malign power, they seek to placate it by sacrifices, offerings and penance. And they call that power *"pey"*—demon! Caste complications too, stand in the way of conversion. If a person is converted, his own people disown him, and even the other castes, those that exist among Catholics, have no place for him. Then, there is politics—interwoven with religion, so that the embracing of a new religion has come to mean a betrayal of one's entire set of beliefs, religious, social and political.

As for the Mohammedans (or "Muslims" as they prefer to be called), they are the most obdurate people in the world. The Ceylonese followers of the prophet, descendants of the ancient Arab traders who intermarried with the people of the island, are an ignorant, uncouth and extremely clannish set. Their faith is Islam and their language is Tamil. They are the traders and shop-keepers of the Island, and quite fanatical in their loyalty to Islam and to one another. You will search far and wide throughout Ceylon before you find a single convert from Islam—if you do find one. They are not to be converted, humanly speaking. They never marry outside their religion, though many times within it! Their dealings with other people are confined strictly to business. They are quite content with Mohammed and show not the slightest interest in anything Christian. They are like this all through

the East; from Egypt and Turkey to Java and the Philippines.

The religion of the majority of the Sinhalese is Buddhism. But nearly all are Buddhists only in name. The village Sinhalese practice a kind of devil-worship, similar to that practiced by the village Tamils. They have their *dagabas* (bell-shaped shrines), their saffron-robed monks, their feast days and their observances. But of genuine Buddhism they know very little; and that little is unorthodox. Their politicians have cleverly made use of the Buddhist religion as a means of solidifying their Sinhalese political party. They have pretty well established the belief that no non-Buddhist can be a Sinhalese, and vice-versa. To break with Buddhism, such as it is, places a burden upon the people that few are willing to bear. The Sinhalese people on the whole, are not religious-minded. In the Trincomalee area, the number of Sinhalese Buddhists keeps growing steadily through the years, but they are still a small minority in the mission. (Of course, there are plenty of Sinhalese Catholics in Ceylon. The Catholics of the west and south coasts are all Sinhalese. But there are very few new converts.)

Finally, there is in the mission a class of people called "Burghers". They are descendants of the old Portuguese and Dutch conquerors of Ceylon. These, especially the Portuguese, freely intermarried with the people of the coast, both Sinhalese and Tamil. In fact, even to this day, most of the Sinhalese, including Buddhists, have Portuguese names, such as Silva, Perera, Fernando, Sousa. The Burghers of the Trincomalee Mission, although from the time of the expulsion of the Portuguese in 1658 they have had absolutely no contact with Portugal, have nevertheless clung through the centuries to their Portuguese customs. They still speak a somewhat corrupted form of the language at home, they know the old Portuguese dances and songs—and they are 100% Catholic!

There are about a million Tamils in Ceylon. In

South India, their place of origin, they number at least 30 million. The Sinhalese are found only in Ceylon, and these number about four and a half to five million. Each of these peoples has its own language, each with a different alphabet. Tamil is a complicated language, with a tremendous vocabulary and extremely intricate literature. What makes Tamil, the language of the Trincomalee Mission, difficult for westerners, is the pronunciation, and the fact that there is a great difference between the spoken tongue and the written language. However, a little patience and perseverance and just a little knack for languages are all that one requires to enable one to master enough of it for his work. All the English, tea and rubber planters have to know a fair amount of Tamil in order to supervise their Tamil laborers in the estates. And they manage to get it. The Protestant missionaries working among the Tamil people in India have done splendid work with the language. Most of the beginner's books now in use were written by them.

The people lead very simple, indolent lives. Nature is kind to them in Ceylon. There are no extremes of climate to cope with. Their little gardens give them sufficient vegetables for their needs, tropical fruits are easy to raise, and the sea and lagoons teem with fish and shrimp. In normal times the simple clothes they wear are bought for the equivalent of a couple of dollars. They do take to our western styles, especially the men, and they are quite fastidious in their tastes; but the majority prefer the "national" dress. A length of cloth, more or less expensive according to the wearer's means, is worn as a kind of skirt, by both men and women. The men's dress is called a *verty*, and consists of a single piece about four or five yards long. They wrap this about their waist, tucking it in without the help of any buttons, hooks, pins or belt, and it hangs down to the ankles. With it they wear a light shirt, or a coat, or the native shawl, which is a sign of respectable caste standing. Many of the older men of the villages wear their hair long, gathered up in a knot

at the back of the head. The women's dress is called a *saree,* and is a very beautiful, graceful gown. About seven yards of cloth are worn in much the same fashion that the men wear their *verty,* but with a loose end that is carried up over the breast and back. The extreme end hangs loose over a shoulder, and is used as occasion demands as a head-veil. With the *saree* the ladies wear a short jacket. They are very fond of jewelry and you will see them begemmed (gems are mined in Ceylon) and bespangled with ornaments from head to foot. Hair, ears, nose, throat, wrists, ankles and toes—each has its ornament! The Burghers go in for western styles, trousers for the men and frocks for the women, and never wear the national dress.

As for the means of livelihood, those who are able to get the equivalent of a high school education have no greater ambition than to secure a position in one of the government offices or departments. Besides a certain amount of social prestige, these government jobs carry with them economic security. A few take to the teaching profession, which pays comparatively well in Ceylon. The uneducated earn their livelihood as carpenters, mechanics, masons, farmers, fishermen. Some own their little paddy fields, others work in the fields of landlords. The women generally stick to the home, though some of the girls become school teachers.

The coconut estates, of which there are several thousand acres in the mission, provide a source of income for many of the people. The coconut tree is a wonderful thing in their lives. The nut itself provides one of the ingredients of their curries; the fronds are woven basket-like and used to cover the roofs of their houses, or to build entire houses; the trunk of the tree, when it has grown old and sterile, is used to make rafters for houses; from the flower that sprouts at the top of the tree, the juice is tapped (under government license) and used as a beverage. (In the government distilleries, this juice, fermented, is converted into *arrack,* the Ceylon whiskey—potent stuff!)

The Ceylon cuisine is in a class by itself. When

you remember that Ceylon has always been known, even from Biblical times, as "the isle of spices", you are not surprised to find that they like their food very heavily seasoned—"curried." A curry is not a special dish, but rather a method of preparing various dishes. The principal ingredient of their seasoning is that little red or green chilli that burns the mouth and the stomach. With their rice they must have several curries. They prepare these with vegetables, meat, fresh or dried fish. Into each curry goes an amazing assortment of spices: plenty of chillies, raw pepper, whole cloves, raw nutmeg, saffron, cinnamon, cardomon, cummin, tamarind, etc. They get the spices in the raw state and industriously grind them on a slab of roughened stone with a little stone rolling-pin, until they have reduced everything to a paste. This spicy paste is thrown into a clay pot with the other ingredients, and allowed to simmer for a long time over a fire of coconut husks. It requires at least two hours to prepare an ordinary meal. There are several fine fruits, like the mango, papaya, jak-fruit, and many varieties of plantains.

The fishermen, most of whom are sojourners from the west coast to follow the monsoons, keep the mission supplied with many varieties of fine fish. Their fishing methods are very antiquated, and call for a large amount of back-breaking toil. Teams or groups of them own and work with huge trawls. Individuals fish on their own with hand nets, hook and line and harpoon. Shrimp, "prawns," are abundant in the lagoon back-waters, and it is a common sight to see a whole family, from the great-grandmother right on down to the merest four-year-old, wading along in the shallows, snaring "prawns."

It is hard for a missionary to get accustomed to Ceylon fare, and it is difficult for him, at least in out of the way Trincomalee, to get a cook who can prepare food in western style. There is no ice in the mission—due rather to the poverty of the missionaries than to the absence of refrigerating equipment. On account

of the comparative remoteness of Batticaloa and Trincomalee from Colombo, it is almost impossible to secure a satisfactory supply of the imported Australian frozen foods. Fresh milk is scarce, the scanty output of the Batticaloa cows being barely sufficient to give each one enough for his tea or coffee. The missionaries dream of the day when they will have the means to start a little farm of their own.

The famous Père Charles in one of his lectures on the missions, spoke of a Buddhist monk of Ceylon, who told him he had gone into a Catholic chapel one day. "I saw your God," (a statue of the Sacred Heart), he said, "holding out His arms in a beautiful gesture. He seemed to me to be asking for something invaluable, and to be offering something invaluable!" Père Charles remarked that little did the Buddhist realize how right he was. The souls of all the inhabitants of Ceylon are invaluable and capable of receiving, if only they would, the pearl without price—the Kingdom of Heaven. The Trincomalee Mission has to be reorganized, rehabilitated, set on its feet. The thirty years of neglect which circumstances forced upon it have retarded its spiritual growth. The Missionaries from New Orleans will practically have to begin all over again as far as installations and equipment are concerned. But they have started already. In manpower, the most important phase at present, the mission staff has been increased by five new recruits who sailed this year. . . . three priests, two scholastics and one brother. This brings up to ten, the number of American Jesuits in the Trincomalee Mission. Gradually, with the help of God, we shall make head-way for souls in the Island of Ceylon and in the Mission entrusted to us by Obedience.

NOTE ON THE PRONUNCIATION OF JAPANESE PROPER NAMES

JOSEPH M. EYLENBOSCH, S.J.

After twenty-four years in the Land of the Rising Sun—the last three in a concentration camp—the writer of this note was brought by the kind disposition of Divine Providence to Southern California, where he found a haven and a home at Loyola High School, Los Angeles.

Here he discovered that the American occupation of Nippon had not, so far, contributed to enlightening readers of the Martyrology or the Divine Office as to the correct pronunciation of Nipponese names, whether of places or of persons. The Pronouncing Dictionary, used in many of our houses, has many merits and is, generally, a great help, but when it comes to Japanese, it is, in nearly every case, so wide of the mark that no living Japanese could identify the proper names. Nor would the Christians of St. Francis Xavier or Father Torres have been able to do so.

The purpose of the present note is to provide the necessary directions for ensuring a pronunciation that would be intelligible to any modern Japanese. And to those of the 16th and 17th centuries as well, if they came out of their graves to view the destruction of Nagasaki and 'Firoxima.' That is how our old missionaries would have spelt the now famous 'Hiroshima,' and that is the form in which it would have appeared in the Breviary and the Martyrology, if any sainted martyr had come from that once large and most Buddhistic city.

Spanish missionaries began the christianization of Japan, but their brethren from Portugal were not slow in joining them. The consonantal system of the Portuguese language coming closer to the Japanese system than does the Spanish, it is not surprising that the earliest missioners should have based the romaniza-

tion of Japanese on Portuguese spelling principles rather than on Spanish ones.

Later the Italians—probably in Europe—broke the uniformity by introducing their own system of spelling. Thus we find 'Chimura', 'Chisai', and 'Michi', for 'Kimura', 'Kizaémon,' and 'Miki'. Both Spaniards and Portuguese would have spelt those names as: 'Quimura', 'Quisai', and 'Miqui'. Sometimes even Portuguese names were thus italianized. For instance, in the 'Fasti Breviores' the genuine Portuguese name 'Machado' appears as 'Macciado'. But all three of those Romance tongues share the common dislike for the letter '*k*'. Spellings like 'Maquin' and 'Taquea' for 'Makin' and 'Takea' are therefore quite normal. The surprising thing is that the letter '*k*' does appear so often both in Breviary and Martyrology. Occasionally one comes across a 'Nangasaqui' or a 'Nangasachi', but 'Nangasaki' seems to be the more common spelling. (The combination *-ng-* is an attempt to represent the Japanese nasal '*g*'.)

So much for the names as they appear in our liturgical books. But in all the written documents of our missionaries of the 16th and 17th centuries in Japan the letter '*k*' does not seem to occur. At least, the writer cannot remember seeing one in the large collection of photostatic copies kept in the 'Kirishitan Bunko' (Christian Literature Museum) at the Jesuit 'Sophia University', Tokyo.

Likewise, the combinations '*gue*', '*gui*' stand for '*ge*' as in 'get' and '*gi*' as in 'give'. Wherever you find the spelling '*ge*' or '*gi*' in the Breviary or the Martyrology, you may be sure that it is to be read as English '*je*' or '*ji*'. And the symbols '*je*' and '*ji*' have been used for the last sixty years in the Hepburn Romanization, which is still the most widely spread 'Romaji' system, in spite of Dr. Tanakadaté's 'Nipponsiki' or Japanese system. Thus, when you see the name 'Tzugi', read 'Tsuji'. And 'Ungenus mons' stands for the inferno in the Isle of Kyushu known as 'Unjen' to the inhabitants of that large island, but as 'Unzen' to the rest of

Japan. This introduces a new complication in the problem. For the pronunciation reflected in the 'romaji' of the missionaries of old, is not the standard pronunciation, but that of the Nine Provinces (i.e. 'Kyû' (-9-) 'Shû'). To the present day, those islanders unmistakably give their origin away by saying 'Shenshei' (Master), where the others say 'Sensei', and 'jenjen' (completely), where the rest pronounce 'zenzen'.

This explains such spellings as 'Ixida', 'Fugixima', 'Nacaxima', 'Voxu', 'Xeki', 'Xendai', 'Ximabara', 'Xoum'—the sheerest barbarisms if the '*x*' is given its Latin value, but quite intelligible if read, in orthodox Portuguese fashion, as our '*sh*'. And so, making due allowance for Kyûshû dialectic pronunciation, we get the following proper names of people and places: Ishida, Fujishima, Nakashima (more commonly: Nakajima), Ôshû, Seki (Kyûshû: Sheki), Sendai (Kyûshû: Shendai), Shimabara, Sho-un (with nasal '*n*' instead of nasal '*m*').

There remain two more Kyûshû peculiarities to be considered. One is the nasalisation of certain consonants, the other is the prefixing of the consonant '*y*' to the vowel '*e*'. This leads to the following amusing results. Kyûshû people have no trouble with the English word 'yes', where most other Japanese are at a disadvantage and obstinately say '*es*'. But when it comes to 'The End', the tables are turned. Kyûshû students of English will betray themselves by pronouncing 'The Yend'. (Incidentally, the standard Japanese pronunciation of the monetary unit 'Yen' is 'En').

This peculiarity, added to the nasalisation that makes them say 'Tambi' for 'Tabi', 'Bonzu' for 'Bôzu', and 'Yendo' for 'Edo', is responsible for a linguistic curiosity in the little Pronouncing Dictionary mentioned at the beginning. According to this, Bl. Jerome of the Angels and Bl. Simon Enpo (spelt 'Yempo' in the Breviary) suffered martyrdom at a place called 'Yendi'—unknown in Japanese geography. As a matter of fact, they were burned alive at Sinagawa. American

P. W.'s who were interned there for four long years will tell you that it is the name of a district in South Tokyo, close by the ocean. Now before the Restoration of 1860, when the Shôguns ruled Japan, what is now known as Tokyo was 'Edo'. A provincial from Kyûshû would have called it 'Yendo'. The compiler of the short Latin biography used the name with the locative case ending '-i', and the translator, mistaking this for the original form, produced the enigmatic 'Yendi'. In those days Edo was not the residence of the Emperor. Kyôto was. Strangely enough, in the missionary reports it is never called by its real name, but invariably referred to as 'Meaco'. Read: 'Mi-Yako', i.e. 'the August City', in other words, the Capital.

Our word 'bonze', meaning 'Buddhist monk', likewise owes its origin to Kyûshû pronunciation. To the rest of Japan those monks are known as 'Bôzu', but to the people of Kyûshû they are 'Bonzu'. Here are some other Kyûshû gems: 'Firando' for 'Hirado', and 'Giezum' for 'Ezo'. In the II Nocturn of Bl. Didacus Carvalho we read that "excurrit in Giezum". Today that large island is generally known as 'Hokkaidô', i.e. 'the Northern Sea Route', but this is a modern name, like Tôkyô for Edo. Formerly Hokkaidô was called 'Ezo'. This, in Kyûshû, would become 'Yezo'. Some European scribe, inspired by the Italian changes of 'Iesu' to 'Gesù', 'Hieronymo' to 'Girolamo', and 'Iacobo' to 'Giacomo', turned 'Iezo' into the Latin accusative 'Giezum'. What he would have called it in the nominative case, we are left to conjecture.

Another interesting example of misleading spelling is found in the name of St. John of Gotô, martyred at Nagasaki, February 5th, 1597, with St. Paul Miki and St. James Kizaémon. He is sometimes referred to as St. John Soan. But this 'Soan' only represents the Japanese attempt at pronouncing the Portuguese equivalent of 'John', which is 'João'. English spelling cannot represent this combination of sounds, least of all the final nasality. The nearest approach would be the French 'Jean', provided it is pronounced like 'Jo-an', in two syllables. Anyhow, when you speak

of St. John Soan, you equivalently say 'St. John John'. As to St. James Kisai, the name is an apocope for Kizaémon. This means something like 'sentry at the left of the gate' (i.e. of the Imperial Palace) and is therefore suggestive of a lower rank of nobility.

Japanese has no *'f'*. Spanish and Portuguese have no *'h'*. That is to say, these Romance languages, although they have the letter *'h'*, do not have the corresponding sound. Now Japanese has a strongly sounded *'h'*. So here was a dilemma for our missionaries. If they wrote *'h'*, it would not be taken into account. So they substituted the spirant *'f'*, writing 'Fara' for 'Hara', 'Firando' for 'Hirado', etc. This adoption of *'f'* for *'h'* has been partially adopted—and in so far justfiied—by the modern Hepburn Romanization, which still uses *'f'* before the vowel *'u'*, because in that position the Japanese *'h'* has a peculiar sound closely resembling our *'f'*. But the 'Nipponsiki' or 'Japanese Style of Romanization' will not have *'f'* under any circumstances. In this system 'Mt. Fuji' becomes 'Huzi San' (san=mountain).

A last word about stress. Japanese stress is very light and variable. But on no account is it to be laid on the ultra-short penultimates *'i'* and *'u'* which occur in such proper names as 'Ishida', 'Fujishima', 'Nakajima', 'Kimura', 'Onizuki', 'Takeuchi'. The same remark applies to names as well known now as 'Hiroshima' and 'Yamashita'. In the latter name the *'i'* is practically silent. The principle further extends to words with an *'a'* in the penultimate, e.g. 'Nagasaki', 'Hirado', 'Shimabara' ('Ximabara' in Portuguese, and 'Simabara' in "pure" Japanese style).

In the light of the foregoing discussion it will be seen how difficult it is to reconstruct the proper Japanese pronunciation from the old texts written by our missionaries in Roman characters with a Portuguese spelling that reflects a marked provincial accent. It has therefore been thought useful to append a list of the most common Japanese names occurring in the Breviary and the Martyrology, with the now generally

accepted romanization. And it is hoped that in the much-desired new editions of the Jesuit Martyrology, the 'Fasti Breviores', and the little 'Pronouncing Dictionary', this spelling will be adopted. There is no sense in clinging to an old-fashioned spelling, so misleading to the uninitiated and not even justifiable from the point of view of Latin. Tradition may be invoked. But no tradition, however old, if based on error or leading to it, has a claim against truth.

For the sake of convenience, stresses have been marked in the appended list. It is gratifying to note that the radio at least is beginning to stress Japanese proper names in the correct manner. Stress, here, will be indicated by italicizing the stressed syllable.

List of Japanese proper names in the old Portuguese spelling with the now commonly received spelling alongside:

Cafucu—K*a*fuku
Chimura—K*i*mura
Chisai—Kiz*a*e (short for Kiz*a*émon)
Cocyra—K*o*kura (important industrial city in N. Kyûshû)
Fugixima (Fug*u*xima is wrong)—Fuj*i*shima
Fucaye—Fuk*a*i
Giezo—Ezo (i.e. Hokkaidô)
Goto—Got*ô*
Ixida—*I*shida
Jempo—Yempo (i.e. Empô or Enpô)
Jucunanga—Yuk*u*naga
Juki—Yuki
Kisai—Kiz*a*é (mon)
Miqui (or, Michi)—Miki
Nacaura—Nac*a*-ura
Nacaxima—Nak*a*shima (better, Nak*a*jima)
Nangasaqui—Nag*a*saki
Ozaca—*Ô*saka (large commercial city)
Onizucca—On*i*zuka (This form is possible, but probably a mistake for 'On*i*zuki')
Riocan—R*yô*kan

Saito—Saitô
Soan—João (i.e. John)
Taquea—Takea (probably, Takeya)
Tocuum—Toku-un
Tzugi—Tsuji
Voxu—Ôshû
Xeki—Seki
Xendai—Sendai (city of learning in N. Honshu)
Xicugen—Shikuzen (name of province)
Ximabara—Shimabara
Ximonoxeki—Simo-no-Seki
Xiqui—Shiki
Xoum—Sho-un
Xucan—Shukan
Yamamoto—Yamamoto
Yempo—Empô (or, Enpô)
Yendo—Edo (name of Tokyo during the Shogunate period)
Taicosama—Taikô Sama (i.e. the Lord Taikô), title of the Shôgun Toyotomi Hideyoshi
Daifusama—Daifu Sama (i.e. the Lord Daifu), title of the Shôgun Tokugawa Ieyasu

Note—The use of the last two highly honorific and complimentary titles in the Martyrology causes much merriment to educated Japanese Catholics. Even non-Christians refer to those two persecutors simply as Hideyoshi and Ieyasu. It is a mistake to call them "emperors". As Shôgun, or military governors, they administered the country while the Emperor remained quietly shut up in his palace at Kyôto. He had no share in the rule of Japan until the Restoration overthrew the Shogunate.

PIONEER MISSIONARY

Ferdinand Farmer, S.J.: 1720-1786

JOHN M. DALEY, S.J.

(*Concluded from October,* 1946, *issue*)

As can be seen, Father Farmer's relation to the new congregation of New York embraced more than the post of advising director to the new pastor. He maintained and necessarily so, an active ministry. Upon his return from the visit mentioned above, Father

> . . . . I have advised him (Rev. Mr. Whelan) to write to the Nuncio at Paris for a propaganda approbation, which letter of mine the French consul has sent to the Nuncio. But I have learned since from a friend of mine in New York that some of our people are scandalized at the gentleman taking upon him to hear confessions as I, when there, had told them that he had no powers. He did so, when I was there, that is he heard the confession of a couple he was to marry. I gently checked him for it for fear of making him think I segregated him on account of his order. But I see now, I should not have spared him; for an absolution that is null could not have put the couple in a state of grace. Si Domino placuerit, I purpose on my return from the Iron works of Jersey to go again to New York the latter end of April, when as my friend, a merchant of the place writeth, the Catholics will meet and receive my instructions.

Farmer decided to make a full report to his superior of conditions as he found them. It is a lengthy but interesting summary of the critical days of the Church in New York city.[113] In the meantime, trusting to a

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[113]BaltimoreCathedral Archives, Case 3-P7, Guilday, *op. cit.* p. 253-254. In this letter we have reference to the beginnings of Old St. Peter's and also, reading back, an inkling of Trusteeism, an institution that was to give the Church in America many sad days, e. g. The Hogan Schism in Philadelphia. "What regards Mr. Whelan's conduct, I attribute it to an ignorance of the canon law, through which he persuaded himself that what he could do in Ireland, he also could do here, and where he saw the necessity of confessing, he imagined to have jurisdiction, though I believe even of that term he was ignorant before I

favorable reply from propaganda, Father Carroll had granted faculties to Father Whelan.[114] The clearing of this difficulty, however, served but as an anticlimax and paved the way for other and even greater difficulties.

The heart of the trouble, and this will serve for an introduction to this new trial for Father Farmer, is given in these words of Msgr. Guilday:

> Practically speaking, all the difficulties of these critical years center around the problem of the lay trustee system, and in practically all cases at the heart of the evil was an unruly cleric.[115]

Not long after Father Whelan had received faculties, the Reverend Andrew Nugent, a fellow Capuchin and fellow Irishman, arrived in New York. At first, Father Carroll refused to grant him permission to

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wrote him upon that subject a little before your grant of faculties arrived. His answers are always submissive and I believe his behavior too. . . His moral conduct is not scandalous. But a number of his countrymen do not like him; he is not very prudent, nor eloquent when speaking in public; nor has he the gift of ingratiating himself. Whilst in New York, I several times exhorted him to make himself beloved of the people. He is now going about begging subscriptions (for building a chapel) among Protestants. He is fit for that purpose, and gets numbers of subscriptions. But in choosing the ground for it, he did not consult the abler part of his congregation, but suffers himself to be swayed by a Portuguese gentleman, a great benefactor of his. The congregation seems to be yet in a poor situation and under many difficulties. He had since getting faculties only twenty odd communicants and I had eighteen, three of whom were Germans. . . . I am sorry that I gave Mr. Whelan the advice to write to the nuncio, at Paris; for he even sent my own letter to him along with his papers. He is much backed and swayed by the French consul in New York. . . Scarce was I arrived there, when an Irish merchant paid me a visit, and asked me if Mr. Whelan was settled over them. My answer, as far as I can remember, was, he had only power to perform parochial duties; but if the congregation did not like him, and could better themselves, they were not obligated to keep him. . . . Another. . . . had a mind to apply to the legislature for a law, that no clergyman should be forced upon them. I endeavored to reconcile them, by telling Mr. Whelan to make himself agreeable to his countrymen, and by telling these, to be contented with what they have for fear of worse."

[114]Baltimore Cathedral Archives, 9A-F2, Guilday, *op. cit.* p. 255. On June 4, 1785, Cardinal Antonelli wrote to Carroll granting faculties to Mr. Whelan. *Ibid.*

[115]*Ibid.* p. 262.

exercise the ministry but later, upon learning that it was in his power to do so, he granted him faculties, hoping, no doubt, that he would prove of assistance to Father Whelan. His hopes were not to be fulfilled, for Father Nugent was to become the center of the first real American schism.

The two Capuchin friars, instead of cooperating in the labors of the new congregation, did not get on well together and soon gathered their own supporters around them, dividing the congregation. Father Farmer, in a letter previously quoted, gives a good indication of the root of the trouble, when after telling Father Carroll that the New York Catholics were expecting another priest, he added, "who is a great preacher, (which alas is all that some want who never frequent the Holy Sacraments.)"[116]

The contest soon came to such a pass that the bulk of the congregation favored Father Nugent to such an extent that they took from Father Whelan the collection which was his only support and finally forced him to yield the field to Father Nugent.[117] Father Nugent, now that the people had declared for him expected ecclesiastical superiors to fall into line and appoint him to the post with full faculties. Father Farmer, with true foresightedness, saw deeper than the actual conflict into the very principle behind it and warned against it. His vision proved to be more than prophetic. In a letter to Father Carroll on March 6, 1786, he writes:

> What to me is the greatest difficulty in the appointment of Father Nugent is the arbitrary and ungenerous manner in which they forced poor Father Whelan to depart, who though he was not very learned, yet he was ready to ask and take advice, which I believe is not the quality of the former. The second is, they who take upon them to be trustees, (as least some of them) have the principle that they can choose whom they please, whether approved by the Superior or not, as I formerly heard they said, and now the fact proves. The

[116]v. p. 55, note 2.

[117]Father Farmer to Father Carroll, cited by Bayley, *op. cit.* p. 60.

> principle is of the most pernicious consequences and must be contradicted.[118]

The trustees were not above dressing down the man of their choice and imposing their will on him also. In a letter of April 12, 1786, Father Farmer wrote in part:

> . . . . first, the present trustees (which are deemed not lawfully chosen and on Easter Monday according to the law of that State, new trustees are to be chosen by all congregations) offered Mr. Nugent for his yearly salary—three hundred dollars, the Sunday collections included, but he demanded four hundred, upon which they declared to him, if he was not satisfied, he had liberty to depart and welcome.[119]

Our prime interest in these critical days is, of course, their effect on Father Farmer and it is unfortunate that this last deep rooted difficulty was not settled before the zealous missionary went to his reward. When Father Farmer died on August 17, 1786, the schism had just reached its peak and he was not to see his beloved congregation at peace.[120]

Father Farmer was not to see the first Catholic church of New York city, Old St. Peter's, opened for divine service. During all the strife over pastors, plans were forwarded for the new church, under the patronage particularly of St. John de Crèvecoeur, Consul-general of France, Don Thomas Stoughton, Consul-general of Spain, Jose Ruiz da Sylva, Dominick Lynch, John Sullivan, James Stewart, and Henry Duffin. On October 5, 1785, the cornerstone was laid and the Spanish minister, Don Diego de Gardoqui presided at

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[118]Father Farmer to Father Carroll, March 6, 1786. Cited by Bayley, *op. cit.* p. 61; Benett, *op. cit.* p. 378. Father Farmer had written to Dennis McReady, one of the trustees in an attempt to restore peace and to bring the trustees to subjection to Father Carroll but without success. v. Guilday, *op. cit* p. 264 for Father Carroll's letter to the New York congregation.

[119]Griffin, *A.C.H.R.* Vol V., p. 33. Father Farmer had given faculties to the "rebel" Father Valinière, a famous priest of the Revolution, but he was to be in New York but a short while, as he was on his way to the Illinois country.

[120]Shea, *op. cit.* passim, has full accounts of the tragic events of the next few years.

the ceremony.[121] The actual construction did not proceed very rapidly due to insufficient funds. Appeals were sent to Ireland and even to the Kings of France and Spain. It was while this project was in progress that the dissension between the congregation and Father Whelan broke out. As one author aptly puts it, "like the Israelites of old, they seem to have been able to work with the trowel in one hand and the sword in the other."[122]

The church was finally opened on November 4, 1786. Because of his generous gift of one thousand dollars, it was thought fit to honor King Charles III of Spain by having the first mass in the new church said on the feast of St. Charles Borromeo.[123] The strife and dissension temporarily abated, the Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Father Nugent, assisted by the Chaplains of the French and Spanish legations.[124] Amid all the proceedings, no mention is found of the work of Father Farmer in preparing the way for the event of that day, but he had, a few months before, received his "well done" on August 17, 1786.

CHAPTER VII

LAST DAYS

One could hardly be blamed were he to surmise that the missionary labors of Father Farmer left him little time for anything else. As the last chapter sufficiently indicated, the closing years of Father Farmer's life found no tapering off in his activity. His missionary

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[121]Griffin, *A.C.H.R.*, Vol. XIV, p. 3. Occasionally the date of the opening has been confused with the date when the cornerstone was laid. Griffiin cites as his authority, "The Pennsylvania Journal and Advertiser," October 12, 1785. "Last Wednesday, the foundation-stone of the Roman Catholic Chapel was laid. . . . by His Excellency, Don Gardoqui, Minister from His Majesty, King of Spain."

[122]Rev. Norbert Miller, O. M. Cap., "Pioneer Capuchin Missionaries in the United States," *Historical Records and Studies*, Vol. XVI, p. 192.

[123]Ryan, *op. cit.* p. 52.

[124]*Ibid.*

journeys, his anxiety for the church in New York city, were certainly enough to occupy him, but, were we to stop with these, we would have an incomplete picture of the man.

In the beginning of this sketch it was noted that his intellectual interests, though necessarily curtailed, did not die when he devoted his life to the missionary field in America. Father Robert Molyneux, in his funeral sermon, said of him:

> His learning and other commendable qualifications soon drew the public notice. Hence without seeking for honour, he was admitted by the suffrages of learned acquaintances, a member of the philosophical society.[125] To his correspondence with Father Myers,[126] late astronomer to the elector Palatine, now Duke of Bavaria, that society is indebted for some curious pieces of that celebrated mathematician on the transit of Venus, dedicated to the empress of Russia:
>
> He had since been appointed to the board of trustees of the university of this city; but his multiplied immediate functions of another nature, prevented him often from giving that punctual attendance to the duties of these appointments, and from being of that general utility, for which inclination, as well as abilities, would have otherwise rendered him well qualified.[127]

At the outbreak of the Revolution, the "Academy" at Philadelphia, founded by Benjamin Franklin and later known as the University of Pennsylvania, was viewed with some suspicion and its administrators were regarded as inimical to the new independence. Apprehensive lest this feeling of suspicion should blossom into hostile action, Doctor Smith, then Provost of the Academy, exerted all his efforts in 1776 to have inserted into the new state constitution, then in process of being framed, in accordance with the recommendation of the Continental Congress, a clause

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[125]This was in 1768. v. *United States Catholic Magazine*, Vol. IV, p. 256; *A.C.H.R.*, Vol. VII, p. 121.

[126]Christian Mayer, S.J. (1719-1783), learned astronomer and mathematician. "Upon the invitation of Empress Catharine of Russia he went to St. Petersburg to observe the transit of Venus in 1769." *Catholic Encyclopedia*, Vol. X, p. 86.

[127]Rev. Robert Molyneux, *Funeral Sermon*, p. 5.

to secure the existing chartered rights. He was successful, largely due to the assistance of Benjamin Franklin. Doctor Smith himself, however, was kept under surveillance, in fact, he was put on parole by the new government. He was not actually opposed to the Revolution but at the same time lifted not a finger to support it. Hence, when at the close of 1778, the old directors set themselves to a reorganization of the college, the new revolutionary government promptly suspended them, acting, most likely, in accord with, "he who is not with me, is against me."[128]

In April of that year, a law was passed for the strict enforcement of the requirement that all male inhabitants take the oath of allegiance to the State of Pennsylvania. In more detail, the law went to great pains to point out "that all trustees, provosts, rectors, professors, masters, and tutors of any college or academy" should do so.[129] If the oath were not taken before June 1, 1778, the recusant was to be debarred from occupying a professional position.

In the following year, the State legislature went even further and confiscated the rights and property of the college and chartered a new corporation, "The Trustees of the University of the State of Pennsylvania."[130]

> Thus having provided for the perpetuation and support of the institution as a corporation, the law (November 27, 1779) proceeded to dissolve the existing Board of Trustees and Faculty, and to put in the places of the former, a new board made up of twenty-five persons enumerated in the law. These new trustees were of three classes . . . , secondly, the *oldest ministers* respectively of the Churches in the city of Philadelphia.[131]

Under the provisions of that law, Father Farmer became a trustee of the University of Pennsylvania,

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[128]Joshua L. Chamberlain, *University of Pennsylvania,* (Boston, Herndon, 1901), p. 82.

[129]*Ibid.* p. 83.

[130]Ibid. p. 88.

[131]Ibid. (Italics mine)

the first Catholic to hold that post. He had taken the oath of allegiance the preceding year.[132]

As we have mentioned previously, Father Farmer remained the ever active missionary until the end came. Ever conscious of his beloved missions, two of his last acts looked to the safeguarding of the future.

In letters from Germany, he had heard of the character and ability of the Reverend Lawrence Graessel, who was in the Novitiate of the Society of Jesus at the suppression, and who had since been ordained to the priesthood. "Reverend Father Farmer earnestly invited him to give his services to the country which he himself had bedewed with his sweat and expressed the pleasure he should feel in having him as a fellow-worker."[133] Father Graessel generously accepted the invitation and came to America to labor with Father Farmer.[134] Before his arrival, however, Father Farmer had passed to his reward. Father Carroll, carrying out Father Farmer's wishes, placed Father Graessel at Old St. Joseph's to care for his countrymen.[135]

The second of Father Farmer's plans for the future was in regard to the introduction of Nuns into Philadelphia. He had interested a pious and generous Catholic of the city in the project, and on June 22, 1786, he wrote to Father Carroll:

> I spoke to Mr. Fitzsimons[136] concerning the nunnery; as far as I understand, he approves of it but rather in the country. He said he would write himself to your Reverence. I mentioned some scheme about it in my last.[137]

Unchecked by failing health, Father Farmer started out in the spring of 1786 on his last missionary tour.

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[132]Griffin, *A.C.H.R.*, Vol. VII, p. 121.

[133]Shea, *Life and Times of Archbishop Carroll*, p. 270.

[134]Father Graessel later was appointed the Coadjutor to Rt. Rev. John Carroll, the first Bishop of Baltimore. He died in October, 1793, even before the document confirming his appointment had arrived from Rome, a victim of the Yellow Fever Plague, having contracted the illness in the service of his congregation. Griffiin, *loc. cit.*

[135]Shea, *loc. cit.*

[136]v. p. 27, note 1.

[137]Griffiin, *A.C.H.R.* Vol. VII, p. 178.

He had been in poor health the year before, as we learn from a letter of Father Molyneux to Father Carroll, April 23, 1785.

> Mr. Farmer is now about two weeks on his tour to the Iron Works and New York; it will be two more before he returns. He was very weak when he left here; if he lives to return, I wish some means would be devised to prevent him going any more . . . . He is no more fit to take that journey than I am to fast forty days and nights like St. Stylites without eating and drinking.[138]

On May 16, Father Farmer himself wrote to Carroll, "such is my weakness of late that the exercise and application, both of body and mind, must be short and interrupted."[139]

Father Molyneux tells us that Father Farmer's health improved somewhat during the year but still not enough to render him fit for his arduous tasks.[140] Nevertheless, he set out in 1786 for his New Jersey missions. From the *Registers* we learn that he crossed over into New York and baptized seven near Warwick in Orange county. On May 4 he was at Greenwich, New Jersey, on May 9 near Mt. Hope. From May 12 to May 16, he was at Ringwood, New Jersey, where he baptized seven.[141] The baptismal register closes on July 30, the marriage register on August 2. On August 17, the zealous missionary died at Philadelphia, as we are told by an unknown author," in the odor of sanctity."[142]

The funeral services which were held on Friday, August 17, attracted great crowds of every denomination who came to pay tribute to a true priest and shep-

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[138]Father Molyneux to Father Carroll, April 23, 1785. *Shea Transcripts*, Georgetown University Archives; *Woodstock Letters*, Vol. XV., p. 192.

[139]Griffin, *A.C.H.R.*, Vol. XVIII, p. 95. Griffin mistakenly considers this the last journey.

[140]Griffiin, *A.C.H.R.*, Vol XXIX, p. 267.

[141]Father Farmer, *Registers*, St. Joseph's Church, Philadelphia.

[142]*Catalogus Missorum Ex Anglia Etiam Defunctorum In Missione Americae.* Preserved in Archives of Georgetown University, Washington, D. C.

herd of souls. The body was carried from the old chapel of St. Joseph to the new chapel of St. Mary, no doubt because the latter could accommodate a larger crowd, then back to the old, where it was interred. Among the large numbers that attended the services were all the Protestant clergy, the members of the Philosophical Society, and the Professors and Trustees of the University of Pennsylvania.[143]

CHAPTER VIII

CONCLUSION

In the preface of this sketch the hope was expressed that a great missionary might be introduced to the reader. We believe that this has been done. All available material concerning his life was carefully collected. The *only* portion of the life that would need further elaboration is the early part and this could be done only by a search into European sources, once that is again possible.

Father Farmer's own records have enabled us to follow the missionary on his remarkable tours. To compare him with other missionaries would be stretching a point for, in more than one way, he was unique. He might be called a modern missionary in the sense that he did not work with aborigines or with those to whom the name of God was unknown. He was more

[143]*The Pennsylvania Gazette*, Wednesday, August 23, 1786. "The Reverend Ferdinand Farmer departed this life after a short illness, in the 66th year of his age, on Thursday last. . . . This worthy gentleman was a native of Germany and for a long series of years performed the duties of a Romish clergyman in those chapels (St. Joseph's and St. Mary's) with much dignity and reputation. . . . Destitute of pride or ostentation, artless and undignified, uniformly meek, gentle and humiliated, his ambition was the honor and interest of his Church; and the happiness and welfare of his congregation. Possessing their best confidence and ever anxious for "peace and good will" among mankind, he was frequently called upon to compromise any unhappy dissensions which occasionally took place among the members and spared no pains to effectuate such noble purposes. He was viewed as a common umpire, to whom every appeal was made. He was charitable and benevolent and was loved and regarded as the Father of his people and the friend of civilized humanity. His death is universally regretted. May he enjoy everlasting happiness."

a missionary who kept alive the faith once it had been planted. As we have seen from his own *Registers*, he was not content to visit a farmhouse or a country settlement once. He would return and return at definite times and in definite places in order that the Church extended might become the Church consolidated. From those pioneer congregations, once they had become strong, would rise churches to which they could come, and from which, as a center, would rise other churches. Old St. Peter's, New York city, is but one example of this. Other outstanding examples include in Pennsylvania, St. John the Baptist, Haycock, founded in 1798, St. Peter's, Elizabethtown, founded in 1799, St. Malachy's, Chester county, begun in 1808 and in New Jersey, St. John the Baptist, in Trenton, founded in 1814.

Pioneer, then, was Father Farmer. Due to his efforts the Church in New York, New Jersey, and especially in Pennsylvania was furthered in its infant days and the ground work was laid for the present beautiful and massive structure.

In the presented life, we have attempted to portray Father Farmer against the background of his times and in particular his connection with the War of the Revolution. Ferdinand Farmer did not fight the country's wars, nor did he make its laws. He was, nevertheless, an heroic figure in American history. The early days of this country were days that called for pioneers to mold that indescribable something which is now called, "the American Way." In that "American Way," religion and the religion professed by Father Farmer, played and must still play an important part. In working, and that is too weak a word, to spread the Gospel of Christ and to secure toleration, not by word but by deed, for the religion he professed, Father Farmer truly merits to be called a pioneer. He lived in historic days and he left his mark on them. If there be any need of justification for his right to our study, let it be this, that he was part of the force that molded America.

HISTORICAL NOTES

BLESSED PETER FABER'S MEMORIALE

Blessed Peter Faber's *Memoriale* has long been regarded, in and out of the Society, as one of the jewels of spiritual literature. A study of the edition in the *Monumenta Historica Societatis Jesu* makes it fairly clear that this document has not yet been edited with the care which would seem to be required. Important manuscripts of the *Memoriale* accordingly have more than an antiquarian interest.

Since the appearance of Seymour de Ricci's *Census of Medieval and Renaissance Manuscripts in the United States and Canada*, it has been known that Cornell University possesses a manuscript of the *Memoriale*. Mr. George Lincoln Burr, long professor and librarian at Cornell, purchased it at Trier in 1885. Mr. de Ricci describes it (Vol. II, p. 1244) as written by several hands on sixteenth century paper and as having the original limp vellum binding and the inscription: "Domus Probationis Trevirensis." An examination of the manuscript this summer (1946) disclosed some additional facts of interest. The manuscript begins with the beginning of the *Memoriale* and ends with line 17, of p. 678 of the *Monumenta Historica* edition. Accordingly it is not the Trier codex which was used in the *Monumenta* edition because that is said to contain only a very small part of the text (exiguam dumtaxat partem). Only 143 of the 165 folios in the book have been used. These were recently numbered in pencil but a folio between those numbered 2 and 3 escape notice. Throughout the manuscript there are additions in the margin by the hand which rewrote the first folio, probably to replace a damaged original. Some of these additions are not in the *Monumenta* edition. The Cornell manuscript as it stands is a collation of at least two manuscripts. On f. 7 v we have the notation:

"Lege ex hispanico" and on f. 142 r: "Hic finis est alterius manuscripti codicis in quo haec quae sequuntur non reperiuntur." The word "Trevirensis" is not clear in the inscription and could be read "Trebnicensis." The ink has spread a little on some of the older folios but the entire manuscript is legible. Some of the proper names seem to be an improvement over those in the *Monumenta* edition.

Because this manuscript represents an early collation of at least two manuscripts, any future editor of the *Memoriale* will have to take its text into consideration.

E. A. Ryan, S.J.

B. U. G. and Cardinal Albizzi's De Inconstantia

It has long been known that Cardinal Francesco Albizzi's *De Inconstantia in jure admittenda vel non* is a very rare volume. Ludwig von Pastor remarked that although printed it is so seldom met with that it is equivalently a manuscript. The reason was thought to be that it had been prepared for the private use of the Inquisition in determining the nature of heresy, schism and other crimes against the faith.

A copy was offered for sale by Bocca's catalogue of August 1919, and Professor George Lincoln Burr, of Cornell University immediately sent off an order for it. When the handsome volume arrived in 1920, Mr. Burr wrote on the flyleaf that it is "possibly the only complete copy not in the hands of the Inquisition itself. Neither the British Museum nor the French National Library possess it." This copy bore the stamp of the "Bibliotheca S. Petri ad Vincula."

Burr was surprised three years later to find Bocca offering another copy for fifty lire. He also bought this one and found that it bore the stamp B. U. G.—"Bibliotheca Universitatis Gregorianae."

A few years later Bocca offered still a third copy which Mr. Burr also acquired. This too bore the stamp "B. U. G." and led Mr. Burr to note on the flyleaf of the

first copy: "It would look as if that library had been the depository of these volumes and is now through Bocca putting them on the market."

Since Cardinal Albizzi's work is, if a hurried examination did not deceive, a solid work of theological and legal erudition, it is scarcely possible that this surmise is right. Other explanations could easily be imagined. It is very doubtful that anything damaging to the reputation of the Holy Office will be found in Albizzi's tome.

E. A. Ryan, S.J.

HE KEPT SILENCE IN SEVEN LANGUAGES

A short sketch of Carl W. J. Hausmann, S.J. who died as a prisoner of war, January 20, 1945. *

JAMES B. REUTER, S.J.

Somewhere in China,
Enroute to the U.S.A.,
September 4, 1945.

My dear Father Hurley, S.J.,

Thanks for your help in forty-two. Am sending word to MacArthur about what you did for us in those dark days.

I swore I never heard of you to the Japs. Hope God will forgive me.

Father Hausmann, S.J. died about January 20, 1945 on Jap P.O.W. transport of starvation, malnutrition and exposure. I have his stole and rosary and I will turn them over to Father Provincial in New York.

Fathers Stuber, Zerfos, Vanderlaudon, McDonald, McManus, Carberry, Hausmann and Cummings died on this trip. I alone survived among the priests and I have been a hospital patient since my arrival at Maji, January 30th. Fathers O'Brien and Scecina are believed lost but am not certain. We had 17 chaplains on the transport which left December 13th. Taylor and myself alone survived and about 200 of the 1619 who started that journey still live. Two ships bombed from under us; one ship's propeller torpedoed and the fourth a funeral ship.

If you still have the list of those I buried in Guagua fishponds, and the names of the two marines who

* The pages which THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS usually devotes to its Obituary accounts have been given, in the present issue, to this story of Father Hausmann.—Editor

carried me on the Bataan march, may I ask you to send them to me, at 1446 Foster Avenue, Toledo, Ohio.

I hope you and the Jesuits have all come through safely. Understand Manila is in ruins.

With every best wish, I am

Sincerely in Xto,

John E. Duffy

Chaplain, U.S. Army.

This was the first word which came to the Society of Jesus on the death of Father Carl W. J. Hausmann, S.J. Father John P. McNicholas, secretary to Father Hurley, explains this letter a little: "Father Duffy," he writes, "is the chaplain who was formerly stationed at Fort Stotsenberg. He escaped from the infamous 'Death March' and hid out in the fishponds of Pampanga with about four or five officers. He got word to us of his whereabouts through a Filipino who refused to return with food and medicine because it was too dangerous. Thereupon, we contacted a Vicente Bernia, an Ateneo alumnus, who agreed to take the risk. Not only did he bring the food and medicine, but, upon finding that two or three of the officers had died and had been buried by Father Duffy in the fishponds and that Father Duffy himself was quite sick, took the Father by calesa right down the main highway to the convent of the Dominican Sisters in Guagua. There Father Duffy stayed and was nursed back to health through the food and medicine regularly supplied from the Ateneo, until the convent became 'too hot'. Thinking that his presence might endanger the lives of the Sisters, Father Duffy finally left the convent and gave himself up to the Japanese. This he did when we were planning ways and means of shuffling him into the Ateneo as one of the community."

Father Duffy is now thoroughly disabled, with six Purple Hearts and two crushed vertebrae in his spine. Six weeks after his first letter, fortified by forty-two

days of rest and one hundred and twenty-six square meals, he wrote again, this time much more formally.

Walter Reed General Hospital
Army Medical Center
Washington 12, D.C.

October 15, 1945.

The Very Rev. James P. Sweeney, S.J.,
501 East Fordham Road,
New York, N. Y.,

Dear Father:—

Enclosed find the stole and rosary of Father Carl W. J. Hausmann, S.J., 1st Lt. Chaplain U.S. Army, who died January 20th, 1945 aboard a Japanese P.O.W. ship enroute Tacao Bay, Formosa, to Maji, Kyushu, Japan, of starvation and exposure to the elements at the hands of his captors. He was buried in the Japanese Sea six days out of Tacao, Formosa. It was the privilege of the undersigned to administer the last rites and bury this modern Jesuit saint.

Father Hausmann was a saint. He lived what he preached. He had learned complete detachment and conquest of self. He was a tremendous influence for good. His utter abandonment of self during the long years of servitude and incarceration brought the gift of faith to many who sat in darkness. Pagans, who neither knew nor accepted Christianity, not only admired him but saw in him everything that Christianity had stood for down through the ages. He was an exemplar of his great Captain and King, Christ Jesus. May he intercede for us before the throne of God. I think he had it all over the Irish Father Doyle of World War I.

Eight priests and seven Protestant chaplains died on this trip. Chaplain Taylor, a Protestant, and myself, the most unworthy of nine priests, alone survived with some two hundred others out of 1619. Why, we know not, but we suspect that even the Lord did not want us.

You may be justly proud of Father Hausmann. He reflected great credit upon the Church and his Order and was ever a living example of those virtues that we can most idealistically

hope for in an Alter Christus. May he remember us. I know the good Lord took a great liking to him.

With every good wish and blessing, I am

Sincerely,

John E. Duffy

Chaplain (Lt. Col.) U. S. Army

He died in the hold, half-naked, lying on the floor in the darkness and filth, among men who were too exhausted, too sick, too accustomed to death and too near death themselves to make any fuss over him. When he was dead they stripped the body, giving what clothes he had to the living, and then they dragged the corpse into the patch of light underneath the hatchway. They left it there until the bodies numbered six.

Then the boatswain, whose duty it was, tied a running bowline around the knees and a half-hitch round the neck, looked up at the hatchway and called: "All right. Take it away." The rope tightened and the body of Carl Hausmann rose slowly up the shaft of sunlight, gaunt and bronzed and naked, while in the darkness the men watched, dully, wondering when they would go up that way too. The body bumped against the side of the hatch and slid out of sight onto the deck. They could hear the shuffle of feet and the jabber of Japanese as it was dragged across the deck and stacked near the railing with the rest of the American dead.

A sailor said: "It's tough. He was a good man. He knew Japanese."

Carl Hausmann died as an officer in the United States Army—the citation which the government eventually sent to his mother never mentioned the fact that he was a chaplain, a priest—but he had come down into the tropics as a missionary. He had once been pastor to the lepers on the Island of Culion in the Philippines. And it was not only Japanese he knew—he could speak in ten different tongues. He was a linguist almost

of necessity, because he had lived and worked on three continents, in a whole litter of languages.

He was born at Weisenburg in Alsace-Lorraine, in 1898, while his mother and father were visiting there, and the nurse who cradled him sang him to sleep in German. When he started school in Weehawken, New Jersey, the teacher talked to him in beautiful English that rippled with an Irish brogue, saying: "Oh now child, you must always write with your right hand!" Carl explained cheerfully that he could do it better with his left—that he threw a ball with his left hand, he drew pictures with his left hand, he carved wood and tied knots and *ate* with his left hand; in short, he was *left*-handed!—but she smiled gently and folded the fingers of his right hand around the pencil. A man cannot win in the first grade. Carl bowed his curly head, gripped the pencil hard like a weapon, and went through the rest of his life left-handed, but writing with his right. His hand is neat, strong, carefully controlled, as if whenever he wrote he sat up straight and concentrated.

The fact that he really knew French was impressed upon Carl years later when he was studying in Canada. One afternoon after a circle in which Carl defended, the little professor of philosophy blew up like a boiler and told him in fifteen minutes of violent and idiomatic French that he must spend less time on the Latin and Greek classics and more time on Ontology! The language hissed and crackled and spluttered and steamed and Carl was amazed that he could understand every word. When the man's wrath had simmered down Carl apologized softly and told him in one minute of very gentle French that he loved the classics, while he had no particular affection for Ontology, but if the professor wished, he would modify the schedule by which he lived. That night the teacher approved the new schedule, was a little surprised that any philosopher should really have a schedule, and they became fast friends.

When he organized the lepers' Glee Club on Culion

the singers could not always understand each other because they came from different islands and spoke different languages, but they all understood Carl. He was their bond of union. In him they were united. He taught the tenors in Tagalog and the basses in Visayan, the very old in Spanish and the very young in English. He had a natural gift of tongues, but it was not only that. It was his youth and strength, held out to them like a gift, his deep affection for them, the beauty of his music, his priesthood—these were fundamental things which every leper could understand.

In the prison camps of Mindanao, merely by listening to the guards and asking them questions, he learned a little Japanese. He was quiet most of the time, with his eyes and ears open, and he absorbed a great many things which others missed. With a Japanese grammar he learned swiftly, because his mind was calm, orderly, peaceful. If ever you met his family you would understand him better.

His father is a gentle old man whose memories would delight the heart of Hilaire Belloc. Julius Hausmann remembers his own father, Franz, who was born in 1789, who fought in the French Army under Napoleon, was wounded in the march on Moscow and for that became a member of the French Légion d'Honneur. Julius was born when his father was sixty years old; he was fifteen when Abraham Lincoln was shot; his brother Fritz was killed in the battle of Antietam; his brother Otto was a colonel in the Prussian Army in the war of 1870; he himself has seen the United States survive one civil and three foreign wars; he is now ninety-seven years old, clear -headed and contemplative, managing his own affairs at Weehawken in New Jersey.

One quiet afternoon when he was sitting in his living room with an old priest whom he had known almost since boyhood, Julius Hausmann leaned over, touched his friend gently on the arm and said: "You know, Father Grieff, sometimes I think that God has forgotten that He left us here!"

Of Carl's three brothers Adolay graduated from

Princeton and is now a teacher; Hudson graduated from Notre Dame and is a certified accountant; Otto is a pillar of industry who has worked steadily with the same firm since high school. All three are married.

Adolay was the eldest boy and Carl was next. His big brother's precedence must have been painfully obvious to Carl, who mentioned in one of his letters that he graduated from Union Hill Public High School "deep in the recesses of Adolay's old suit," but he worshiped Adolay as a kind of a hero. On the local sand-lot football teams Adolay punted and carried the ball; he was fast and clever at fullback. Carl put his head down and bucked in the line.

In baseball, partly because of their rugged builds, both of the boys were catchers. Adolay caught for a team in Ramsey, New Jersey, and Carl succeeded to his position when Adolay went off to college. Carl's throw to second was a thing of beauty and a joy forever; the ball whistled low over the infield in a dead line, fast and hard and accurate; but a left-handed catcher is a nightmare to right-handed batters. In the summer before he entered the Society Carl hit two men at the plate. Both were carried off the field. Carl confided to Adolay later that this discouraged him a good deal. At the end of the inning after the second injury he unbuckled his chest-protector and sat on the bench and brooded. He thought that he should give up catching before he killed somebody. Because the team had no substitutes on hand he had to go back into the game, and he played until the end of the season, but there is no record that he ever caught in the Society.

All four brothers swam in the Hudson River. The baby boy was named after it, Hudson, because he was born on the tercentenary of its discovery. Here in the swift water Carl was in his glory. Deep-chested and heavily muscled, something of a lone wolf, he liked swimming more than any other sport. He would swim far out, through the roll and swell of the liners and tugs, fighting the current, all the way across to the New York side.

Grown up, the four brothers in their pictures are lean, tall, somber-looking men—soldiers, scholars, teachers of Greek and coaches of basketball, natural warriors, like their ancestors. All of them went bald. Adolay, Hudson and Carl accepted it philosophically, but Otto was handsome. He fought it. He fought it fiercely, savagely, with brushes and ointments and massages and tonics that burned. But he went bald too. Julius Hausmann chuckles in his chair and says: "The women blame it on me, because I have no hair either. But could I help that?"

Of Carl's three sisters Elsa studied in Europe and settled down as a business woman; only Madeline married; Maria is a nun. The nun is the baby among the girls, an artist and a missionary to the negroes. Once she sent home a series of pencil sketches, portraits of the children in her class. She drew them during study periods, when she had time to watch them. Paging through the pictures, the casual observer comes to the conclusion that either the children in her class are extraordinarily attractive, or else she loves them very much. Mrs. Hausmann says: "Both. But especially she loves them. She is like Carl in that. He loved the students in his class. He loved the people in his mountain parish. He loved the lepers."

Unlike Carl his little sister is vivacious, effervescent, openly affectionate. Both brother and sister were deeply in love with life, but she shows it. If Carl is a still stream, his little sister is a rapids. Her letters sparkle; they dance; they run as swiftly as a waterfall in the sunlight, bouncing on the rocks. Carl's letters flow deep and smooth and deliberate, like a clear, slow river winding inexorably to the sea. Carl was a violinist and in his pictures looks somber, like Hamlet. His little sister is a painter and in her pictures she is always smiling. She wears her coif tilted slightly sideways, just enough to remind you of a young sailor going out on leave.

They called her Nuss, which in German means "little nut", and the whole Hausmann family was forever at

a loss as to how to explain the name to strangers. It is really a warm little nickname, an intimate term of endearment; Carl uses it affectionately in all his letters; her brothers would never think of calling her anything else, except perhaps "Sister Mary Julius". At home the boys laugh when they tell their friends what "Nuss" means, but Elsie's explanation is by far the best. She says: "A nut is hard on the outside, rough and irregular, but the kernel is sweet and good."

Actually, if Nuss was ever hard on the outside, rough and irregular, the rough exterior has worn away in the convent. Now, when you look at her pictures, all you can see is the kernel.

Carl is a legend in her convent because of what happened at the time of his ordination. In preparation for his visit the nuns had put up the prettiest curtains in the guest room; they had gotten out the good silverware, had decorated the altar, the choir was rehearsing a new Mass—and Carl missed his train. He arrived at the convent shortly after midnight, in the glow of ordination, with the oils still fresh on his hands, in a new suit, with a new black bag. He walked around the silent building, looking for lights. There were no lights. Carl was always gentle, always reserved, unwilling to inconvenience anyone. He would not even ring the doorbell. He would not disturb the sleep of the good sisters. He settled down on the porch, quietly, and tried to read his office in the moonlight. At dawn when the nuns came out for the milk they found him there, their guest, sound asleep and all curled up in a rocking chair.

At Woodstock it was said that he kept silence in seven languages. This is more remarkable in view of the fact that superiors have been trying to get a little silence at Woodstock for years. Woodstock rectors are forever waving the tomahawk and beating the war drums for silence. It is a big house, sheltering three hundred men, and so it is bound to be a little bit like a barracks. An occasional roar in the corridor, after five classes in one day and a *casus conscientiae*; a

sudden spasm of horseplay and a banging door; a knot of disgruntled students around the water-fountain on the fourth floor, discussing the virtues and vices of professors—these things are almost inevitable, even among good men. Perhaps they are a sign of life.

Please don't misunderstand. Silence is really kept at Woodstock, about ninety-seven per cent of the time. To outsiders the place seems to be as peaceful as a monastery garden; as hushed as a library; as quiet as a church. But the difference between Carl and everybody else lay in that last human three per cent. Carl was consistent. He was *always* quiet.

Now keeping silence is different from being silent. A man may be silent, with his chin on his chest and a vacant stare, because he has no thoughts. Keeping silence implies that you have thoughts, which circle through your mind and heart and are stored in your memory; you harbor and treasure these thoughts; you may laugh or weep over them; only you do not speak. This is what Carl did. The finest linguist in the house, at that time he could think in Latin, in Greek, in English, in French, in Spanish, in Italian, in German, but he only voiced his thoughts at recreation. He kept silence in all his seven languages.

What did he think about? Well, strangely enough, his letters are a mirror of the constitutions. Carl believed in the rules of the Society with a peculiar personal conviction. When for instance during the first world war his father was suffering persecution because of his German birth and name, Carl in a beautifully mature letter, written from Saint Andrew's, explained to him that those who hated German-Americans were an irrational minority; they did not represent the nation. He quoted the speeches of the president and editorials in large newspapers, where the real voice of the people could be found. Then he praises the tolerance of the Society, and the wisdom of Saint Ignatius when he wrote the rule: "All must beware of that feeling through which those of one nation are wont to think or speak unfavorably of another; rather they must

both think well of, and bear in the Lord peculiar love for those of other countries. . ."

During the quiet years of his formation he wrote long letters, laying down the principles by which he lived and died. "Elsie seems to be taking a good deal of pains, and I suppose expense, for Mrs.....," he wrote to his mother in 1922, "which the poor old lady seems not to appreciate at all. Too bad! And yet it is only one of the many things in this world that we must expect. Really, generosity of the truest kind doesn't look for reward here, and the fact that it operates without appreciation shows clearly enough that it is sterling."

There the principle is put baldly, but years later Father Duffy sat in an armchair at Woodstock and said: "Carl died partly because he gave his food away. We were getting two spoonsful of rice every third day and he gave his away. And the shame of it was that the men he gave it to weren't worthy of it. He gave it to the whiners, the weaklings. When they complained he'd lean over and dump his ration into their cup, without a word. The real men wouldn't take it! They kept their mouths shut, like Carl."

Twenty-seven years of letters in the Society, with never a line of cynicism, never a page that was bitter or harsh, but the most important of all his letters he wrote to his father in 1916, when he was graduating from high school.

"Dear Papa,

The time has now come for me to let you know what my ambition is for the future. So far, I have probably led you to believe that it was my desire to enter business. The truth is I lost my idea for a future in business some time ago, for I have finally resolved upon that vocation which, I wrote you, I would talk over with Adolay.

It will probably not come up to your expectations of me, and, I fear, will not please you at first. It is for this reason that I have neglected and even been afraid to tell you, although I have had it in my mind for over a half year. Now I believe the sooner you know the better. It is the priesthood.

You may think perhaps that I am not fit or capable of be-

coming a priest but there have been many people much worse than I who have changed to the good. I realize my faults of the past and know how much I must improve.

There seems to be a natural instinct in this family to teach. Adolay has become a teacher and I intend to become one too, except that my ambition is to teach the difference between right and wrong.

With the sincere hope that this letter may make a favorable impression on you, believe me, I am

Your loving son,

Carl."

It is a formal little letter, on lined paper, written carefully in the clear young hand, filled with the fear of how his father will take it, but the thought is dynamite. The desire is so simple—to be a priest and to work for men—he could have conceived it in a moment. Its realization took the rest of his life—two years at Saint Peter's Prep in Jersey City to learn Latin, because he was a public school boy; four years at Saint Andrew's on the Hudson where he worked on the grounds and built benches and practiced his violin in the woodshed and sent his previous savings to central Europe for the relief of the poor who had been struck by the war; bad days at Saint Andrew's during the flu epidemic, when he nursed the sick and buried the dead; his philosophy at Montreal in Canada; his regency teaching French at Fordham in New York; his theology at Woodstock; thirteen years at a desk, through all his youth, while his hair grew thin and the study lines grew deep around his eyes; then ordination, the *ad grad,* tertianship at Saint Andrew's, and the tropics.

The tropics, the work he had dreamed of—and his first job was procurator and teacher of Greek in a Philippine novitiate. It was not quite the way he had dreamed it—studying native dialects at night by the light of a kerosene lamp, stripped to the waist, with a towel around his neck to soak up the sweat....balancing books and checking over bills before he went to bed, waking in the night to stare at the white mosquito net

and wonder where the money would come from to keep the novitiate going. . . . listening to the lizards on the wall calling "Gecko! Gecko!". . . . Mass before daylight amid a buzzing of bugs, pronouncing the words of consecration with one hand over the chalice to prevent the insects from falling into it. . . . watching the roaches at breakfast crawling across the table, climbing up the coffee pot. . . . walking in the morning sun in the white dust of a road, his cassock wet with perspiration and plastered against his back, to teach catechism to children in a village. . . . chopping down the cogon grass with the native laborers, grass that grew to be twelve feet high; blushing when he paid the men fifty cents a day. . . . reading his office on his knees in the chapel in the early afternoon—regularly, every day for two years—while the bright sun beat down on the tin roof and the white heat stood still around him. . . . immersed in heat, bathed in it, breathing it. . . . then the darkness and the coolness of the rain. . . . teaching Greek in the evening to bright-eyed young Filipinos while the rain washed the windows and drummed on the bamboo walls—that was nice. . . . waking to the rain for six months on end; the constant sound and smell of it as it fell steadily night and day, dripping from the roof.

Carl liked the tropics, and the Filipinos liked him—his calmness, the humor in his eyes, his patient grin, his willingness to work and learn, the breadth of his shoulders, his gentleness in the classroom. He was a big lean man, and strong, but in class he was an understanding as a mother, blaming himself if ever his pupils did not get the matter.

The priests who lived with him, who taught in the Juniorate or Philosophate, sometimes sank into chairs in the recreation room and damned the world in general, grumbling about the meals, the monotony, their schedule, the rain, the heat—this is the privilege of men who are working hard. They don't really mean it and it seems to make them feel better. But in these sessions Carl Hausmann would say nothing at all. He would sit in silence, memorizing Tagalog or Visayan words from

little slips of paper which he carried in all his pockets. Or else he would walk down the cloistered corridor to admire the beauty of the sunset on Manila Bay. The men noticed this after a while: he never protested about anything. The only thing he did not like about his job was that it was too easy.

He volunteered for Culion.

Once he had read an article by a woman-traveller who had paid a flying visit to a leper colony in China. She reported in a gush of fervor that lepers were the happiest people in the world, because—having nothing else to live for—they turned completely to God. He arrived at the island and it was not true. Lepers are like everybody else.

Years later, his memories of the colony were not all beautiful—the eyes of the old sick ones as they watched a new shipload of patients coming into the harbor; the shrewdness and greed in their high shrill voices as they tried to establish some distant relationship with a small strong boy, so that they could take him to their hut and have him work for them. . . . the anger of the young men when the nuns set up a protective dormitory for girls; the sallow faces peering in through the bars, cursing the Sisters. . . . the lepers on their beds who laughed at him and said: "If there is a God, then why do we suffer so?". . . . the leper sitting on the edge of his bed in the early morning, receiving communion; the later startling discovery that he had not been to confession in years; his indifferent shrug, saying: "Well, why not? You give. I take". . . . the sullen lepers who went out on the sea in tiny fishing boats, working savagely in the sun, so that the fever would take them and they would die.

But there were sweet things, too—his glee club, and the orchestra. . . . the young lepers who wept for their sins and begged for a great penance, because they wanted to be good. . . . giving Communion to little children who were so small that they could not receive on their knees—their heads would not come up above the altar rail—they stood with their

hands folded across their breasts, with the leprosy in their faces and innocence in their eyes. . . . the gratitude of the bad cases in the hospital when he came to them each day; the smile of the sick when he spoke to them in their own tongue; the quiet tears when he anointed them; the last pressure of their hands on his just before they died. . . . the eyes that followed him in the wards, worshipping eyes, so grateful that there were still good men in the world. . . . the sudden deep resolve to pray more, and to work harder, in order to be worthy of these lepers who loved him. . . . back home, repairing the roof of his chapel as the sun went down; the little shiver of satisfaction, the feeling of strength and power that comes from working with your own hands. . . . writing the history of the colony in the evening; writing to his mother in German; reading the *De Corona* in Greek, because he liked it. . . . the moonlit nights by the sea, when the children of lepers, born on the island but born clean, took his hand and asked him questions about Manila and New York and the lands that were not Culion.

He felt when he went to bed that the work was good, that he was doing something. Just as his little sister loved the negroes in her class, so Carl loved the lepers. He probably would have felt the same toward any souls that came under his care; it just happened that the lepers were assigned to him; still, his heart-strings were all wound around Culion when finally his transfer came. Gaunt and drawn and sick, he did not want to go. Superiors sent him, and superiors took him away. He stood in the back of the boat, and the children sang for him on the shore, and he watched the island until it was a line on the face of the sea, until it was gone.

Mindanao is not the largest tropical island in the world, but it is very big. It has an area of 36,000 square miles and a population of nearly half a million; its southern tip lies about five and a half degrees north of the equator; it contains Mohammedan Moros who are famous for head-hunting and wild black dwarfs called negritos who are famous for poisonous blow-

pipes. The island has cities, of course, and schools, and colleges, and thousands of good Filipino Catholics, but large chunks of Mindanao are marked on the map as unexplored. Most of the people live in tiny towns and villages called barrios, buried in the hills, and it is the priest's job to get to them. Some priests rattle cheerfully over the mountains in flivvers which civilization has long since abandoned; some ride through the passes on horseback; the Belgians go by bicycle. Carl walked.

His new parish was all mountains and jungle, with swamps springing up in the rainy season. He could get to the villages much faster on foot through the forest paths than by the circuitous route of the roads. It was here that the war closed in on him. The first real signs that he saw and heard were Japanese planes, roaring low over the trees. Then his licorice sticks stopped coming. These licorice sticks were not the kind you would buy in a candy store. They were thick and solid, brittle and hard, foul-tasting, an evil German concoction that his mother had used on him as a boy and still mailed to him in the jungle. Carl liked them. When he came back from a barrio to his cottage on the mountainside, out from under the dripping trees, muddy and feverish and soaked with the rains, he chewed on these and the bitterness did something peculiar to his insides which prevented him from getting pneumonia. Missionaries have been known to use other methods for staving off a cold, but this was Carl's way.

There was another thing which he liked very much and was forever trying to grow in the tropics—watermelons. He planted American watermelon seeds in Luzon, in Culion and in Mindanao, but they never grew. Too much sun or too much rain; washed out or burned up. Each year he would analyze his failure, discover a new way to correct it, write to his sister Elsie for more seeds, and try again. His hope sprang eternal but the experiments stopped when the Japanese cut off the mails.

For months our army fought on the coasts of Mindanao without air support, without artillery; then they began a slow and bloody retreat back into the interior, back into the hills. In a town called Impulatao they set up a base hospital, to which they carried the wounded from Digos, from Davao, from Zamboanga. The chief surgeon was Doctor Davis, newly enlisted in the army. He had been a civilian, practicing in Negros, until the war swept over the islands. The hospital had no chaplain at all until one morning as he was driving in toward the town the doctor saw a tall lean figure striding along the road ahead of him, dressed in a white cassock. The doctor pulled up alongside of him, stopped the car and said: "Where to?"

"Hospital," said Carl.

He was sweat-soaked and grateful for the ride. The doctor liked him because he was relaxed. His face was hard, strong, lined with the years. It was a man's face. There was too much asceticism, the doctor thought, in the grim jaw, in the hollow cheeks, in his eyes; but there was ease in his manner, gentleness in the things he said, beauty in his thoughts. He had the deep sense of humor which is God's gift to missionaries. He looked as if time had toughened him, but had enriched him too. By far the most noticeable part of him were his eyes: patient, dreamy, sad, austere; at rare intervals dark and blazing as if he wanted to rip up the world and change it at its roots—but then he would smile, the fire in his eyes would drop down to a twinkle, his whole face would soften and he seemed content to bear with the world as it was. He was a dreamer in a practical world, an artist in the wilderness, a man who loved God very much working among men who didn't. But that's why he was there. As he sat in the doctor's car on the way to Impulatao he was forty-four years old, in the full strength of his manhood, brown with the sun, content with his work, at peace.

"What do you want to go to the hospital for?" asked the doctor.

"I thought that they might need a priest."

They did need him badly, because we were losing on all fronts, more wounded were pouring into the hospital than the staff could handle and he was the only priest. Eventually, at the request of the commanding officer of the hospital and with the permission of his own superior, he became a regular military chaplain. As Davis had enlisted on Negros, because there was need of a doctor, so Carl enlisted at Impulatao, because there was need of a priest. They inducted him formally into the army. Two days later the army surrendered, the Japanese came in, and he was a prisoner of war.

Carl's career as a captive began when the stocky, confident, slant-eyed little guards marched all the Americans into a barbed wire pen at Impulatao in Mindanao, and locked the gate. The guards all seemed to be heavy in the middle, slogging along on their heels in soft canvas two-toed shoes, oriental shoes. Through the years, as they stood outside the wire, they were all bow legs, long bayonets, tin helmets and white teeth.

It wasn't so bad, at first. Carl had never set much stock on food, so he didn't mind the rice. He built a wooden altar in the barracks, and a tabernacle, and said mass for the men every morning.

But then they were transferred to the penal colony at Davao to work in the rice fields. This was not so good. Rations down to rice and greens, constant hunger, long days in the sun, no water to bathe in, not enough water to drink, skin disease and dysentery; dysentery—the curse of every prison camp in the tropics, wasting big men down to bony frames with yellow skin and sunken eyes; hundreds of sweating men sleeping close together like galley slaves; roll call in the morning, the burial of the dead. Here Carl began to put wine into his chalice with an eye-dropper, pronouncing the words of consecration over a small host, giving the men tiny fragments for communion. He tried to stretch the hosts, stretch the wine, because no one knew how long the war would last. It was two

years already. Then the altar breads ran out and mass stopped altogether.

The labor crews went into the rice fields in orderly rotation at Davao, so that each man would have regular days to rest. But after a while the Major in charge of Carl's barracks, who later died with him on the boat, noticed that Carl was always in the fields. On his rest-days he was substituting for other men. The Major didn't like it. He was himself in charge of assigning men to work details, because the Japanese merely demanded a certain amount of work from each barracks and they didn't care who did it. The Major thought that he had made a just distribution of labor, so he questioned Carl about those whose place he was taking. "They're sick," said Carl, "and they can't stand the hours in the sun."

"He said they were sick," the Major repeated, months later, in the hold of the ship, "and my God, you should have seen *him!* His body was a mass of festering scabs from rice rash."

Sometimes the prisoners were allowed to send word home on printed Japanese cards. This privilege was granted through the courtesy of the Emperor on rare festive occasions: on his birthday, for instance, on the anniversary of the Japanese victory over the Russians in 1905, a victory which the Japanese army remembered with relish as Russia held the Germans; on the day when Japan gave independence to the Philippines. On these days Carl joined in the general joy of the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere by writing home. They were not exactly letters. The blank printed cards as they came to the prisoners looked like this:

Imperial Japanese Army

1. I am interned at Philippine Military Prison Camp #.....
2. My health is.....excellent; good; fair; poor.
3. I am.....injured; sick in hospital under treatment; not under treatment.

4. I am.....improving; not improving; better; well.
5. Please see that.....is taken care of.
6. (Re: Family) .....
7. Please give my best regards to .....

The Japanese did not leave much room for poetical inspiration. Carl's mother received four of these cards, all the same, all of them non-committal. Carl said:

Imperial Japanese Army

1. I am interned at Philippine Military Prison Camp # 2.
2. My health is *good*
3. I am *not under treatment*
4. I am *well*
5. Please see that *nobody worries*
6. (Re: Family) .....
7. Please give my regards to *all*

In three of four cards he left No. 6 Re: Family blank. In the fourth, which was probably the first one written, he typed a message: *Am well hope you are the same. Please notify Father Provincial. Love to all. Carl.*

Only once did he really try to say something, and then the card did not get through the Japanese censors. Our army found it in Japan when the war was over and Carl was dead.

Imperial Japanese Army

1. I am interned at Philippine Military Prison Camp #2
2. My health is *fair*
3. Message (50 words limit)

Haven't yet rec'd word from anybody at home. Priests are allowed to say mass but can't get altar bread and have not been able to contact any Red Cross representative. Climate here bearable enough best regards to all. Carl.

The card is dated June 10, 1944. It was written when he was down with amoebic dysentery at Davao. The only part of prison life which pained him was the absence of the Mass.

Late in June of 1944 the Davao prisoners were shipped north to the island of Luzon, to a camp called Cabanatuan. It was a big camp, filled with the survivors of Bataan and Corregidor. They worked on a Japanese airdrome. Carl was bearded and as bronze as a native now, indistinguishable in the truckloads of half-naked men who were carried at dawn each day from the camp to the airfield. He was just another laborer in a crowd of laborers, pushing a wheelbarrow in the sun. He was just another bent back, shoveling shale; one more mouth in the rice line; one more hungry American soldier climbing back into the Japanese truck at night, standing, waiting while the others packed in too, until the truck was filled, their bodies pressed close together; jolting back to the barracks in the darkness with his arms thrown across the shoulders of his fellow prisoners, too tired to talk. At night he was like everyone else too: he prayed for freedom and dreamt of food.

But there was an altar at Cabanatuan, and hosts and wine, and every morning by candle-light he said Mass. That made him different. It left a glow within him which lasted through the day. He said Mass so reverently that even the other priests were impressed and non-Catholics came to watch him.

He had always looked holy—so much so that an old Irish scrubwoman in New York City after hearing him preach once began immediately to pray to him, while he was still alive, saying: "Glory be to God, the man's a saint!"—but now, gaunt and weather-beaten, with his quiet dignity, his eyes sunken and the golden skin drawn tight over his cheek bones, he looked when he was still like a statue in a church. Catholics called him Saint Joseph. Non-Catholics called him the Holy Ghost. They did not mean to be irreverent. It was merely their way of indicating that to them he stood for the whole of Christianity, for religion in general, for God.

As his body wasted and the years of suffering rolled on, there was something deeply spiritual in the per-

sonality of Father Hausmann which came to the fore. It became obvious at first sight even to strangers. Perhaps it was only the peace in his eyes when everyone else was desperate, or his stark simplicity, but when men met him they began immediately to think of heaven and hell and their own private sins. This was not the mere subjective impression of one man; it happened to too many in that camp to be acicdental. They could not quite analyze it, but it was something real in Carl Hausmann which they could see and feel. One survivor who knew him only slightly says: "Maybe he was too much at home with God. He was so thoroughly in the state of grace that it made the rest of us feel unclean, uncomfortable. It's not natural for a man to give away his food when he is starving, to work for someone else when he himself can hardly stand up. Holiness is an easy thing to hate, and he was holy, but. . . . we liked him."

Through nearly three years of captivity the characteristic note of Carl Hausmann was meekness He never complained, never fought back, never cursed his captors. He never even lost his temper with the kleptomaniac in the camp who stole his mass kit and offered to sell it back to him piece by piece. He obeyed superior officers immediately and without question; even General Sharp testifies that he was a splendid soldier. He was so generous that men were ashamed to take advantage of him. He trusted everybody, even the Japanese—when he shifted from Cabanatuan to Old Bilibid he wrapped up all his possessions in a newspaper, put his name on the bundle and gave it to a guard, asking him to please see that it was delivered. The guard smiled and disappeared with the package, while Carl's friends groaned. He was definitely gentle, but he was that way on principle. He had a clear, strong, definite mind on what he should and should not do.

Once he resisted the guards.

It was a grey morning late in November of 1944, in the stone courtyard of Old Bilibid Penitentiary in

Manila, when he was saying Mass. It was his fourth prison camp and his thirty-first month as a prisoner. He had no shoes anymore, but he still had vestments and a missal, and a Filipina woman had sent wine and hosts into Bilibid through a Japanese colonel. Barefoot, bearded, with the men kneeling behind him on the stones and his corporal spread out on a packing box, he had just begun the consecration when the siren sounded. It meant that they were under air raid, that American planes were over the city, that the prisoners should clear the yard and get back to their cells. The men scattered, reluctantly, while Carl went on with the Mass. A guard barked at him but he stood with his eyes on the Host and did not move. The guard came up on the altar, barked again, and struck him with the butt of his rifle. Carl would not move. A seaman who saw the thing says that the guard flew into a sudden wild rage and began to club the priest, beating him with the butt of his gun for ten full minutes. The sailor's estimate of time at a crisis like that is probably not reliable; a ten minute beating with a gun butt should have killed him. Other prisoners ran shouting into the courtyard and the angry guard left the altar to drive them back. When he had gone Carl finished the consecration of the chalice, consumed the Body and Blood, and went back to his cell.

Toward mid-December of 1944 the Japanese shipped 1619 prisoners of war out of Manila Bay, out into the China Sea, in a liner called the *Oroyku Maru.* It was bound for Japan but American submarines sighted it before it had cleared the mouth of the harbor. American planes bombed and strafed it for a night and a day, driving it in toward shore, until it ran aground off Olongapo in Subic Bay. There the planes came in low and planted three bombs squarely in the rear hold. There was panic below decks and the prisoners made a mad bolt for the ladders, swarming one over the other up to the hatchway. The terrified Japanese turned machine-guns on them, firing point blank, forcing them back into the bowels of the ship.

Then the *Oroyku Maru* caught fire, the ammunition exploded and the Japanese began to push off in life boats. When most of the guards had gone the prisoners were allowed to abandon ship too and they poured up into the morning sunlight, wild-eyed and half-starved and most of them wounded. They went over the side into the sea. The water was cool, calm, green in the tropic sun, and Carl Hausmann swam easily through the oil and wreckage, feeling the smart of the salt water in his wounds, cheering as the American planes dove and fountains of flame sprang up from the *Oroyku Maru.*

It was only a swim of five hundred yards, and some of the men as they swam dreamed of an escape into the hinterland, but a division of Japanese infantry was encamped on the shore. When Carl crawled up on the beach they had already set up a perimeter around the strip of white sand and wherever he looked little yellow men sat silently behind their machine-guns, waiting for someone to make a break. It was sinister and dramatic, like a moving picture, only it was real.

After a while they were lined up and marched off to a tennis court, where they stayed for a week without cover, roasting in the sun by day and shivering on the cement by night, in the swift change of temperature which is common in the tropics. This heat and cold seems only a little thing, but it is what those who went through it remember most. It was worse than the hunger and thirst. Four times during the seven days each man received one tablespoonful of raw rice. There was no other food, very little water. They burried their dead in the soft dirt beside the court.

One day, over in a corner in back of the base line, in the shade of a piece of canvas, Colonel Schwartz amputated the arm of a young marine. He did it without anesthesia, without sterilization, with a cauterized razor. The boy fought to live for five days, as the prisoners went overland in freight cars to a port called San Fernando, but there he died, on the stage of the town's theater, where the prisoners were kept.

The rest were packed into another ship, a freighter; Carl was assigned to a spot low in the stern of it, on top of the propeller shaft. It was a lucky position.

Of the seventeen chaplains on this journey the most spectacular was Father Cummings. He was a strong, courageous warrior of a man, a religious spark plug, dynamic, a natural leader. He was the man who at Bataan had said: "There are no atheists in the foxholes." Now he stood in the center of the hold and prayed for all of them, saying: "O God, tomorrow please spare us from being bombed."

Nothing spectacular was ever recorded about Father Hausmann. In the lurid tales which are told of the trip he appears only incidentally, in quiet passages like this:

> "Late in the afternoon, with 200 others, I climbed down a steel ladder into this small hold. It's three decks down. Along the forward wall a shelf has been built so that the men can sit in two layers. We can sit on our blanket rolls, or lie back on our neighbor's lap. We have organized ourselves into groups of 20 men. Father Hausmann, Bill, Jack, Fred and I are together in a group of 20. At Cabanatuan I had learned to say the Rosary in Spanish. Father Hausmann, who has been a missionary priest in Mindanao for 18 years and speaks Spanish perfectly, has taught me to say the 15 mysteries in idiomatic Spanish. The Japs sent down one gallon of hot water of which our group received three-fourths of a cup. When Father Hausmann declined his share, he was told, 'Don't be a fool! Water may mean life or death! Take your share!' He meekly took his two spoonfuls."

This is from the dairy of Roy L. Bodine, Jr., which was published in *The Catholic World.*

Off Takao in Formosa the bombers came again and scored a direct hit in the forward hold. The Japanese looked down at the bloody mess, at the welter of wounded and dying and dead in the hold; then they locked the hatch and kept it locked for forty-eight hours as the ship limped into port. The forward hold

was filled with agony. At night it was pitch black, with the living pinned beneath the corpses, and the blood of the dead running down over them, and the wounded crying for help, and no one able to help anyone else. At dawn the light trickled through cracks in the deck, but with it came the sight of the bodies, the sight of the open wounds and the faces of the dying; with the sun came the heat, and the stench of death. Men wept with pain and crept up the steel ladder and beat on the cover of the hatch, begging to be released. That is why the papers called this a hell ship.

There was no relief for two days. Then in the harbor a barge came alongside with a boom and tackle and a cargo net, and the Japanese opened the hatch. Of the five hundred men who were in that hold, only seven are still alive.

Carl lay on the deck in the sunlight and watched the wire net rise out of the hold, filled with the naked bodies of his friends. The net swung over the side of the ship and down to the barge, dumping its load in a tangle of arms and legs and upturned faces. It came back empty, throwing its shadow across the deck, and dropped down again into the hold. The barge was overloaded when finally it made for shore, where the prisoners who were living tied ropes around the ankles of the dead and dragged them up on the beach, leaving them there for Japanese cremation.

Actually, the rest of the voyage was so ghastly that solid sober citizens have to read four accounts of it by independent witnesses before they begin to believe it: the deliberate starvation, each man receiving every three days half a cup of rice and a quarter of a cup of water. . . . naked men sleeping in a sitting posture, all doubled up, with their heads down and their arms around their knees like Indian fakirs praying; the boatswain making the rounds in the grey light of morning, putting his hand on each man to see if he were alive or dead. . . . the bodies being hauled out of the hold. . . . old grudges coming to the fore in the

darkness; suicide and murder. . . . A young pharmacist's mate crept over to a cluster of warrant officers and said: "Look. I've lost my nerve. The fellows in my bay are plotting to kill me." They told him that it was his imagination, a case of nerves, that he must follow the general order and go back to his bay. He shook his head and said: "It's not my imagination," but he went back; and in the morning they found him dead, with his stomach slit open. . . . a navy chaplain kept reading aloud from his Bible; if ever you have had this done to you when you were under strain, hour after hour, you know what a torture it is; the men around him cursed and gritted their teeth and stopped their ears; but suddenly the chaplain screamed, began to tear the pages out of the book and throw them around the hold, wildly; he bolted for the ladder and got halfway up it before the men pulled him back and tied him down, whimpering. . . . a sailor tried to slip up that ladder at night; there were three quick shots from the guard and the body slumped back into the hold. . . . flies and stench and festering wounds. . . . the four cans which the Japanese had given them to use as latrines filled and flowing over; dysentery and diarrhea and filth everywhere. . . . Father Cummings standing up in the hold, straight and strong, praying; Father Cummings too weak to pray anymore; Father Cummings dead. . . . the body being hauled out of the hold, up into the light. . . . Father Duffy delirious in a corner, demanding that they bring him ham and eggs. . . . heat, suffocation, fever. . . . a man going mad with thirst and knifing his neighbor, slashing his wrists and sucking his blood before the boy was dead. . . . the bodies being hauled out of the hold. . . . hunger and thirst, madness and despair.

It was in this dark hold, where he had absolved so many sinners, that Father Hausmann made his own last confession, was sorry for all his sins, blessed himself and died. He had no last words. He didn't even ask that they give his love to Nussie. On the journey he had done nothing extraordinary, except give his

food to those who in his opinion needed it more than he; and he stopped doing this two weeks before he died, on orders from his commanding officer. He was not spectacular.

The men among whom he suffered and died were not religious. It is not true that there are no atheists in the foxholes, if by it you mean that all men turn to God when they are in danger of death. They don't. All through the war men died as they had lived: in hatred, in selfishness, in lust, in heroic sanctity. The soldiers and sailors who watched the dying Hausmann, locked in a dungeon below the surface of the sea and face to face with death, were still hardened sinners and hidden saints, like men in a city. There is no sensible wave of grace which comes with danger and death. Bearded and sick and dirty, and some of them sunk in sin, they watched him. And some were touched by the way he died.

Close to him lay an officer, an educated agnostic, with an army jaw and a deep conviction that religion was a lady's game. He despised all ministers of religion because he believed that they were all of them personally hypocritical. Carl, lying beside him in the darkness, had once speculated on the potential corrective value of punching him in the nose because of his brutal language about the Church. He liked Carl for that. One year later he wrote to a priest:

"Father Hausmann died like the saint that he was. His death was actually a beautiful thing. There is no question as to what happened to his soul. Yes, Padre, we lost some wonderful men out there and I'm inclined to believe that the Almighty left us here for some reason. It seems that we are obligated to something for the good of humanity. Padre, I attend church every Sunday now."

Perhaps it was only a little thing—giving edification like that. Perhaps he was totally unconscious that he was influencing anyone. At any rate, he kept that last rule which reads: "As in the whole of life, so also and much more in death, every one of the Society must make it his effort and care that God our Lord be glorified and served in him, and that those around be edified

at least by the example of his patience and fortitude. . . ."

It was a little unusual that this agnostic officer, brutalized by pain, should have seen something beautiful in that quiet death in the hold. But the beauty was really there, because other prisoners saw it too, even in the filth and slime. His death was as quiet and as peaceful as the chime of a clock in the darkness; as if his soul had dwelt within his body like a great prince in a stone castle and the enemy had done nothing but beat in rage against the iron gates and howl around the walls; it was as if his soul left gracefully, serene and handsome and unsoiled, leaving the castle empty. He died as if the pain had never touched him; as if he had not suffered at all.

In the pocket of his ragged shorts, after the body had been hauled up on deck, they found his rosary and his stole—the only things that he had saved through the weeks of torture.

It is not certain that he was buried in the Japanese Sea. At one moment the corpses were stacked near the railing; a little later, when one of the men was brought up on deck, they were gone. There was no sign of them, not even in the sea. Some of the bodies were long dead and should have floated. The man saw streaks on the deck from the spot near the railing to the hatch which led to the bolier room. Perhaps the Japanese, who needed fuel badly, used the bodies to stoke the ship on toward Japan.

It was a strange ending for such a gentle, quiet priest; but Saint Francis of Assisi, another very gentle soul, would love to have died that way.

Epilogue

An officer who survived, telling his story to an American rescue party after Japan had surrendered, listened in silence as his hearers expressed their opinions of the Japanese. When they had finished he said: "Yes, the Japanese were as bad as you say. But we, the two hundred or so who are still alive, we were

devils, too. If we had not been devils, we could not have survived. When you speak of the good and the heroic, don't talk about us. The generous men, the brave men, the unselfish men, are the men we left behind."

This conversation was held when the man was emotionally moved; his words obviously mean to suggest a situation; they do not state a scientific fact. The speaker was humble; at least he was contrite; probably he was a much better man than many of those who died. For not only the good men perished, and not only the bad survived. God seems to have no such simple, obvious formula for death in a war. God does not consistently kill off the good and preserve the evil. Still, most of the survivors speak that way, as if they were ashamed of their survival, as if all the dead were noble. Perhaps, really, they are. Perhaps any man is dignified by dying for his country. He could not have given more than his life, even if he gave it unwillingly. It is a great sacrifice and perhaps we should salute the real glory of it.

Father Hausmann died for his country, but only incidentally. He died for it in passing, while he was trying to do something else. However, his death was more heroic than the average, and this placard hangs in the home of his parents at Weehawken.

In grateful memory of

First Lieutenant Carl W. Hausmann

Who died in the service of his country

In the Pacific Area, January 20, 1945

He stands in the unbroken line of patriots who have dared to die

That freedom might live, and grow, and increase its blessings.

Freedom lives, and through it, he lives—

In a way that humbles the undertakings of most men.

(Signed) Harry Truman
President of the United States of America

Oil paintings hang beside it, paintings of his paternal ancestors who have been professional soldiers for five generations. The placard fits. Mrs. Hausmann, who is sweet and small and seventy-six, asked one of Ours, hesitantly: "Does every gold star mother have one of these?" The Jesuit, who was fresh from the tropics himself, did not know. But is doesn't matter, really. The words are true of Carl.

Chronology

1898, April 26: Born at Weisenburg in Alsace-Lorraine, an American citizen.

1918, September 18: Entered Saint Andrew's Novitiate, New York.

1922—1925: Philosophy at Montreal in Canada

1925—1928: Professor of French at Fordham in New York

1928—1932: Theology at Woodstock in Maryland

1932—1933: Tertianship at Saint Andrew's in New York

1933—1936: Procurator, Socius to the Master of Novices, Minister, Professor in the Juniorate at Novaliches on the island of Luzon in the Philippines

1936—1939: Culion leper colony

1939—1942: Pastor of Sumilao on the island of Mindanao

1942—1945: Army chaplain and prisoner of war

1945, January 20: Died at sea.

VARIA

AMERICAN ASSISTANCY

Martyrs Honored.—Georges Bidault, the President of the French Republic, and a former pupil of the French Jesuits, sent a telegram to Father Thomas J. Coffey, director of the Martyrs' Shrine at Auriesville, in which he called attention to the work of St. Isaac Jogues and his companions that has strengthened the ties of friendship between France and the United States.

In a future issue it is hoped to carry a complete account of the national celebration to commemorate the third centenary of the martyrs' deaths.

Philippines.—To mark the 25th anniversary of the transfer of the Philippine Mission to the direction of American Provinces, a reception was given in honor of Father John F. Hurley, in New York City on Mission Sunday, October 20. Father Hurley was Superior of the Mission for nine years, serving all through the war until the end of last year. His present work as Secretary-General of the Catholic Welfare Organization in the Philippines brought him to this country early this year.

Part of the reception featured an exhibit connected with the publication of a book, *Under the Red Sun*, by Father Forbes J. Monaghan, a member of the Philippine Mission. Another exhibit depicted the progress of the Mission during the past 25 years. The increase in the number of members of the Mission from 155 to 315 was highlighted by the sharp rise in native Jesuits from less than 20 to 138.

Jesuit Missions.—Father John P. Sullivan, of the Jamaica Mission, has been most diligent in promoting the spread of cooperatives in the missions. Again this summer he was a leading figure in the Mission Institute

conducted at St. Louis University. After that, he accepted an invitation to visit Trinidad and tell those just beginning cooperative work there of his experiences in Jamaica. From Trinidad, other engagements of a similar nature took him to the islands of Grenada and St. Lucia in the Windward group among the lesser Antilles.

Father Calvert Alexander, editor of *Jesuit Missions,* and Father Bernard Hubbard have left for their round-the-world visits to various Jesuit missions. The tour includes stops at Palestine, Baghdad, Patna, Ceylon, the Phillippines, Shanghai, Tokyo and the Marianas, including Truk and Saipan.

The latest figures giving the total number of American Jesuits engaged in mission work are at hand. There are 559 American Jesuits on the foreign missions and 127 on the Indian, Negro and Mexican missions within the United States, for a grand total of 686 actually in mission work. This is more than one-tenth of the total of American Jesuits and, though all the missioners are not priests, their number does come to about one-fifth of the number of American Jesuit priests.

The New Mission of Yoro

The Republic of Honduras—not to be confused with British Honduras—is an independent state comprising seventeen departments. To the Jesuits of the Missouri Province will fall the spiritual care of 78,359 Hondureans living within the confines of the Department of Yoro, a land-locked area covering 15,000 square miles in the north central part of the country. Two priests were sent last summer to Yoro. They were to establish their mission headquarters at Minas de Oro, a town on the edge of the Department of Yoro, and from there work out to the surrounding pueblos. Very Reverend David F. Hickey, S.J., superior of the British Honduras Mission, will supervise activities in the new territory.

To pave the way for the new missionaries, Father

Hickey took to muleback early in June, visiting the pueblos and rural areas of the mission. It was rough going through mountainous country interspersed with plateaus and valleys. Donkey trails led to Yorito, San Antonio, Sulaco, Minas de Oro, and Esquias. Mestizos talked with the Father Superior as he stopped in their pueblos. In the hills Jicaque Indians heard by grapevine of his visit. Somewhat the worse for the ravages of time, large, imposing churches stand where the Spaniards placed them in the days of colonization. All this Father Hickey saw. When the trip was over, he had a better idea of what the missionaries will be up against in their new mission. He had, too, a keener insight into the feelings of the early explorers who carved out of this wilderness a civilization and a culture that has not disappeared from the Honduras scene with the passing of the centuries.

It may surprise our readers, to learn that the Yoro Mission of Honduras is 700 miles nearer to Chicago than San Francisco is. Yoro is closer to New Orleans than Chicago is. By air it takes six hours to fly from Miami to Tegucilgalpa, capital of the republic. So, in a very real sense, Honduras is at our very doors.

Medical Missions.—Father Edward Garesché, of the Missouri Province, and President of the Catholic Medical Mission Board, received a letter of congratulations on the work of the Board from His Eminence Joseph Cardinal Pizzardo. It said, in part: "I congratulate you for the perseverance in your charitable activities and especially for the enormous quantities of medical supplies you have been able to ship to so many poor, suffering countries in every part of the world. I am glad that your ability to aid them increases constantly; it is a sign of God's blessing upon your work of fraternal charity. I pray for the Catholic Medical Mission Board that it may continue, with ever increasing zeal, its good work."

Many missionaries come to the headquarters of the Board in New York City either before leaving for their

missions to ask for supplies and to make arrangements for their delivery; or, in visiting this country, to express their thanks for medicines received in their missions.

School Enrollment.—From all parts of the Assistancy come reports of increased enrollment this year in all departments of Jesuit education, from the primary schools connected with our parishes through high schools and colleges to the various professional and graduate schools. In many places, previous records have been broken; new buildings, permanent or temporary, are under construction or in use; new applicants cannot be accepted. A feature of the Chronicle of the Assistancy, planned for the first issue of THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS in 1947 and each year thereafer, will be a summary of enrollment figures for Jesuit education in the United States.

Industrial Relations School.—Another unit in the series of Jesuit Industrial Relations schools was begun this year at Canisius College, Buffalo, under the name of the Institute of Industrial Relations for Labor and Management. Father John L. Shea, professor of economics in the College, and until recently an Army Chaplain, is the director. Enrollment consists almost entirely of men who hold office in their unions. Commenting on the large labor representation, Father Shea said, "It is regrettable that management has failed to avail itself of the facilities of the school to any great extent."

Holy Cross.—Two pictures of ten Jesuit members of the Holy Cross College faculty were featured in the Catholic newspapers during the first week in November because of the striking contrast betwen their uniforms as Army and Navy chaplains and the peace-time cassocks they wear in the class-room. Among the chaplains was Father Joseph O'Callahan, the only chaplain to win the nation's highest award for valor, the Congressional Medal of Honor.

Prairie du Chien.—Campion High School played host to the State Historical Society of Wisconsin for its annual meeting, held on August 23-24, which commemorated this year the centenary of the admission of the State into the Union. The program dealt in good measure with themes of local history in and about western Wisconsin. The historic surroundings of this Mississippi River town and the hospitality of the Jesuits attracted about 700 members of the Historical Society to the meeting.

Catholic Hour.—Father Benjamin L. Masse, of the Missouri Province, an associate editor of *America*, was the speaker on the Catholic Hour radio program for the four Sundays of October. His general topic was, "The Kingdom of Christ and Economic Justice."

Radio.—Television equipment is being installed by station W0W, the local outlet of the National Broadcasting Co., at its own expense in the Creighton University Auditorium. Creighton will thus be one of the first Universities to have facilties for training its students in television. The equipment includes two Orthicon television cameras, complete sound pick-up apparatus and a half-dozen of the latest type television receivers.

Fordham University has begun a new department of the Communication Arts to include training in the theatre, radio, publications, speech and the cinema.

St. Louis University will be the first University to go on the air with an FM commercial-education station.

FROM OTHER COUNTRIES

Austria.—Word has come that the College of Stella Matutina at Feldkirch in the French-occupied zone has been reopened. This famous old Jesuit school was closed by the Nazis.

India.—Archbishop Ferdinand Perier, S.J., Archbishop of Calcutta, and a member of the Northern Belgian Province, has been awarded the highest Belgian

decoration, the Great Cross of the Order of the Crown. It was conferred by Prince-Regent Charles of Belgium. Archbishop Perier, who will observe the silver jubilee of his consecration on December 21, established soup kitchens in Calcutta during the war and in them 60,000 hungry persons were fed daily.

Tarahumara.—This famous old mission in the remote country of Chihuahua, Mexico, was begun in the 17th century and brought to a close with the expulsion of the members of the old Mexican Province. It was not until 1900 that the growth of the modern Mexican Province warranted the re-establishment of the mission. Recently a serious set-back to all the work was caused by a fire in the workshops at Sisoguichi, the chief center of mission work. The carpenter and shoemaking shops and the tannery were entirely destroyed. Father Narcisco Ortiz, who was away on a missionary journey at the time of the fire describes the loss thus:

"In effect the huge fire consumed in less than half an hour the work of many years. It is hard to believe what one sees. To save some things from the first section of the house they were piled up in the courtyard of the second. One look was enough for me to gauge the extent of the damage. There stood the machines gutted by fire; piles of lumber, now piles of ashes; walls without roofs or doors. The flames as in a macabre dance passed through, leaving only rubbish. And this on the eve of our silver anniversary celebration of the enthronement of the Sacred Heart in the town of Sisoguichi, consecrating it to Him as King of the Tarahumara Mission. We had savored our triumph beforehand in ordering the line of march for the parade through the town as a tribute of homage to Christ the King."

Though the cost of reconstruction has been estimated at 600,000 pesos (about $120,000), there is no lack of enthusiasm and vigor for the sacrifices which the work of rebuilding will entail.

ESTHONIANS RESCUED

Father James D. Loeffler, of the New England Province, stationed this year at the Gesu in Miami, was the leader in the fight to gain admission into this country for 48 Esthonian refugees. They had escaped from the Russian occupation of their homeland and had made a 6,000-mile ocean voyage in small boats only to find their hoped-for haven denied them by the immigration laws. The following account of how their entry was accomplished was written by Father Loeffler at our request.

The story of the admission of the Esthonians who landed at Miami, Florida, in August and September, 1946, after travelling more than 6000 miles in three small boats, is really the story of a miracle through the intercession of Mary Immaculate. A novena was begun on the Feast of the Holy Rosary to celebrate her centenary as Patroness of the United States, to continue for nine consecutive Mondays with five services a day, and to end on the Monday before the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. From the very beginning this novena was marked by exceptional favors, for as it opened a serious hurricane was threatening and most of the first day's prayers were directed toward protection from its dangers. How, during the day, it first changed direction and then stopped abruptly as it reached the coastline, "miraculously" as Governor Caldwell publicly declared, is a story in itself.

At this time, the Esthonians, all Lutherans save for one Greek Orthodox, were awaiting word from Washington on their application for visas and visitor's permits. They had been refused admission by the local immigration authorities and by the board of appeals. Final decision now rested with the Attorney General of the U. S. Meanwhile they were temporarily housed in the office section of the pier to which their boats were tied; they were permitted the freedom of the city. A child of eight, Eha Kagu, the only one of school age who had made the epic voyage with her parents, was

enrolled in the third grade of our Gesu school, where she had been brought by a friendly woman of Esthonian parentage who had married a local Catholic. Eha's parents, with some others from the boats, occasionally attended Sunday Mass at our Gesu Church.

On the evening of October 17 the child, accompanied by a border patrol officer, came to the Jesuit rectory to ask for the Father who spoke German with her parents. In her newly acquired English, she said there was trouble at the boat and would the Father please come. Going down to the pier, he learned that the Attorney General had finally turned down their plea for admittance, and that all were being transferred from their living quarters on shore to the boats, where they would have to stay and be kept under guard until their departure. Despair was written on every countenance. Some contemplated suicide. They had no place to go. All, and more especially the women, were weary and sick of the sea. They could not return to their native land, even had their old boats been capable of such an additional journey, which they decidedly were not. For they had fled their homeland to escape enslavement to the Communists, a fate worse to them than death. Could the Father help them?

Naturally the Father replied that he would do all he could, little realizing the odds he was facing. The following morning he went to the officer in charge of immigration, a Catholic and friendly enough, who issued him a pass which would admit him to the Esthonians through the guard at any time. However, this officer assured him that it was too late, that nothing could be done, at least for the first boatload, since Washington had made a final decision against them. The local lawyers who had handled their case free of charge because of the publicity involved, could give no additional hope or assurance. They had, they said, exhausted every means which the law allowed and had failed to gain admittance for the Esthonians. They were through and planned nothing further. When asked whether a stay in the deportation order might

be granted if Senators and Congressmen could be found who would initiate legislation in favor of admitting the Esthonians when Congress reconvened in January, and would say so publicly, the lawyers replied that it was a possibility but apparently regarded it as the faintest of hopes.

When consulted on the whole situation, the Rev. John H. McAtee, S.J., superior of the Gesu, said "Go ahead and do whatever you can for them." Telegrams and Special Delivery letters were prepared and sent to the Attorney General and local Senators and Congressmen. A local Lutheran minister was contacted, told of the projected effort, and he promised his public support. He also stated he would contact the national Lutheran Synod that its greater influence might be exerted in the cause. Then the local press was called in and asked to publicize the whole story. They jumped at it, and Sunday headlines read "CLERGY SEEK AID FOR ESTHONIANS" and the accompanying story told what, at the priest's suggestion, religious and welfare organizations and individuals might do to aid the appeal for the Esthonians, and the plight of the roped-off exiles on the boats was dramatized. This story was picked up by the Associated Press and sent over the country.

On Monday, the Novena crowds were told to add a special and urgent intention to their prayers. Before the day was over $100 was received by wire from an ex-G. I. patient in the Presbyterian Hospital in Chicago "to defray any expenses incurred in fighting for the Esthonians" and offering more if needed. The mail of the next few days contained three hostile letters, one obviously of the K.K.K. type and signed " A Native American," and a flood of friendly and sympathetic letters and offers of help and opportunities for the Esthonians. The latter were chiefly from the Middle West, for the Chicago papers had made political capital of the issue.

The problem of the next few days was chiefly to keep the story alive and before the public by providing

continuous new angles to the publicity. The northern press wanted pictures and these were taken on the boats; a Chicago woman offered a large farm she owned in Canada but the Canadian authorities refused visas; offers were received from Cuba, Venezuela and the Dominican Republic; a Miami girl—a Catholic—had become engaged to one of the men on the boats. All this and much similar news came first to the Gesu Rectory, so that the Press Associations and local papers, after being given news "scoops" on several occasions, got the habit of phoning the rectory twice daily for their stories of the latest developments. Supplies and gifts of various kinds brought or sent to the rectory required that several trips a day be made to the boats for their delivery.

The most surprising thing was the large number of very friendly and commendatory letters from non-Catholics all over the country, many writing for the first time in their lives to a priest. These were all answered individually and in some cases the correspondence was continued. Others visited the Rectory and went to the Monday novena services in the Church, where the progress of the case in answer to their prayers was reported.

Senator Pepper, who had introduced himself in friendly fashion to the Jesuit Father conducting the case at a dinner a few weeks previously, quite surprisingly (in view of his known Leftist sympathies) advocated the cause of the Esthonians, and the newspaper articles featuring this fact apparently silenced local opposition, some of which had appeared in the readers' column of the paper, but had also been effectively answered in the same medium.

Suddenly there came a break in the case, which at the time seemed a turn for the worse but actually worked out for the better. Under pressure from Washington to hasten the disposition of the troublesome situation, the local immigration officers came on the boat on October 29 and asked the Father, who happened to be present at the time, to be a witness to a special

announcement. The Esthonians, he told them through an interpreter, were to make up their minds within 24 hours whether they intended to sail out of the port and to where, or whether they preferred to be taken off the boats and sent to Ellis Island, whence they would be shipped back to Sweden, where they had sailed from because that government had asked them to leave. It was the darkest hour of all. The captain resigned and said he would not go out, but was told he was responsible since he had brought the boat across, and his resignation would not be accepted.

Local papers carried the story vividly but accurately, but the northern papers falsely stated that the Esthonians were given a 24 hour ultimatum to put out to sea in unseaworthy boats without adequate supplies. This resulted in a flood of protests so that some action was required. The Attorney General's office told the Press that the Esthonians could stay as long as was necessary to get their boats repaired and supplied. The papers headlined this announcement as an "Eleventh hour stay granted Esthonians" and "A Last Minute Reprieve." The *New York Times* wrote a long editorial approving the action of the Attorney General. President Truman had spoken the day before to the United Nations favoring a solution of the problem of political refugees and displaced persons and was cheered enthusiastically by all save the Russian delegates. He was therefore shown the erroneous news reports, and said publicly that he approved the action of the Attorney General in granting a "stay" to the Esthonians, admitting at the same time that he had not seen Attorney General Clark to discuss the matter with him.

It was imposible to contact Mr. Clark in Washington as it was after 11 o'clock when he returned by plane to the city that night, and he had left for another engagement before 9 o'clock the next morning, but the Assistant Attorney General, in some confusion over the situation, promised to investigate and see what action could be taken. As soon as the news was flashed of

the President's statement, the local representative of the United Press called the rectory and asked if the Father was going down to break the news to the Esthonians. A Fordham graduate, he was helping the case and wished to be present to record the reaction on the boats. Photographers were there a few minutes later when the Father arrived and gathered the group about him with a cheerful announcement of "Good news." When they heard the report, they were at first incredulous, then overjoyed, and all kept repeating over and over the heartfelt words "thank you, thank you," one of the few English phrases which all had learned by this time. They were told that this success was due to the fact that the little girl, with all her classmates, had been enrolled in the Miraculous Medal and had prayed for them, and to the prayers of the Novena each Monday.

The following week brought no change in their situation, for the President's statement had not been implemented by any new orders to the immigration authorities, and therefore the latter continued to press the preparations for departure of the first boat.

The local attorneys, long silent, now called up, said they were gratified that the appeal had reached the President's ear, and suggested a press conference in their office, in which a new telegram would be drafted to the President of the United States, calling attention to a Proclamation of President Roosevelt of 1941, which was still law, and under which the Esthonians could be admitted. This was done, and other telegrams and letters from various parts of the country were sent, complaining that no action had been taken to relieve the Esthonians following his statement, and deploring the wretched conditions of living aboard the crowded little boats in a tropical climate and without adequate cooking, water, and toilet facilities.

These stories of cruelty brought an agent down by plane from Washington to investigate, and with immediate orders to remove the women and children from the boats and house them in comfortable quarters

at government expense. At his first press conference, he tried to stress the humanitarian views of the Attorney General, and the desire that the department be regarded as a deparment of mercy as well as a department of justice. Putting him "on the spot", the reporters' questions brought from him one concession after another for the refugees, including permission for the little girl to return at once to her classes in our school.

This brought more consolation to the Esthonians than anything else, because, as the captain said, it was concrete evidence that the President's statement was having some effect. The plans for having the Esthonians leave for the Dominican Republic, which had accepted them as immigrants after an investigation by the local consul, were dropped. The boats were transferred from their shadeless, noisy mooring at the dock to a quiet inlet adjoining the Border Patrol headquarters, a converted mansion with palm-shaded lawns where the exiles were free to recreate and fish.

The continued pressure of public opinion, and a consistently "good press", together with the approaching election, soon brought further action from President Truman. He had directed, he said, the State Department to investigate every avenue of possibility by which the Esthonians, if they so wished, could be admitted to the United States and eventually become citizens. This was more definite. Even before the President's first statement had been made, the State Department had already been contacted, and Asst. Secretary of State Russell was told over the phone that letters coming to the rectory in the matter of the Esthonians indicated that the unsatisfactory solution of this case was apparently giving rise to an increase of anti-Semitism. "Why," they asked, "should Jewish refugees from Nazi persecution be admitted, while Christian refugees from Communist persecution were excluded?" This seemed to be a very effective argument, for the Secretary promised that this phase of the question would be communicated to "higher authori-

ties" and discussed with them. At all points, the fact that the action was being taken by a Catholic priest for people not of his faith, seemed to strengthen his position.

Finally, three days after the President's final statement, word came to the Esthonians, again through the priest on a tip from the Press, that a way had been found for their admission to the U. S. and that orders were on the way for their immediate release from custody, and that they would be given visas as soon as the data for these had been obtained. Tears rather than joy was the immediate release for the emotions of these sturdy northerners, and they solemnly protested that they would always remember that it was the Church, rather than anyone else that helped them in their hour of greatest need; that even though they were not Catholics, it was the Catholic Church, not only here but in the British Isles, Portugal, and the Azores, which had been most generous to them, and finally had labored unstintingly for their ultimate release into the promised land of freedom. Later the photographers caught them as their tears gave place to joy and to native folk dances on the lawn in celebration of the victory.

The following day, Sunday, saw ten full pews of Esthonians in the front row of the Gesu Church, every last one of them, come in thanksgiving and to give a tribute in the only way they could, at the High Mass celebrated by the Father who was the instrument through which the prayers of the faithful were directed to them, for their freedom. Other non-Catholics also, friends of the Esthonians, were present with the newcomers, and told later that they were moved to tears on this occasion. For the Father told them that the Heavenly Father, whose all-loving Province cared for the birds of the air and the beasts of the field, had guided and protected them across 6,000 miles of ocean waste in safety to our shores. We were honored and privileged to have them, among the bravest people in the world, among us, and for the

opportunity offered us to be of service to them; but most of all for the fact that, through us, God had placed them under the protecting care of His Mother, Mary Immaculate, Patroness of these United States, through whose intercession they were admitted here in their darkest hour of trial, and who would continue her help and intercession, that what had been begun would be completed and perfected in them unto life everlasting.

All in all, the episode of working for the Esthonians was an encouraging and enlightening experience. For, although there were hectic and laborious days in the doing, there was continual encouragement in the amount of good will engendered among non-Catholics near and far, in the breaking down of prejudice and narrow-mindedness, in the valuable contacts with influential persons not only in the press, radio stations, law offices, consulates and immigration bureau, but often in the most unexpected places where the work brought us. As a result, there have been phone and parlor calls seeking information and advice or solutions for questions involving Catholic doctrine from those who otherwise would have had no contact with the Church. And this result is likely to continue long after the Esthonians have gone their various ways as apostles of good will toward us.

A Note on the Office and Powers of the Vicar General

The issues of the *Acta Romana* which were published during the war but which have only recently arrived on our library shelves, bring to light some documents of importance in the history of the government of the Society. At the same time, they illustrate the foresight and sincere solicitude of our late Father General for the welfare of the Society.

Before the actual outbreak of the war but with its imminence already clear, and in view of his own weak

state of health, Father Ledochowski applied to the Holy Father for certain extraordinary dispensations from the prescriptions of the Institute, should the death of the General occur during the war. These the Pope was pleased to grant on April 21, 1939.

They provided, first, for the possibility of the Curia's being dispersed by the fortunes of war at the time of the General's demise. This would make impossible of fulfillment the circumstances prescribed for the official opening of the letter of the late General appointing his Vicar. In such a contingency, it would suffice that the Assistants, who could not be present, be informed of the choice, and through them the several Provinces.

The second dispensation concerned the powers of the Vicar-General, which are restricted by the Constitutions. If a General Congregation could not be called for some time, because of war then raging, and the daily work of the office of Vicar General required more power than that allotted to him, Father Ledochowski thought that the Vicar General should be empowered to act with the full power of General in all matters—retaining only this counsel of the Institute: "ad spiritum et sensum Generalis demortui,"—until the Congregation was invoked. After that time, his powers would revert to the limits set down by the Institute.

The wisdom of this plan became only too manifest in the long interval—from December, 1942, to September, 1946—between the death of Father Ledochowski and the Congregation that chose his successor. A great deal of the internal government of the Society and of external work also were possible only because of this Indult of the Holy Father obtained at the petition of Father Ledochowski.

The Office of Visitor

The other document pertaining to the internal government of the Society concerned the office of Visitor. The fact that the office and powers of Visitors

cease with the death of the General who appointed them called for some further provision in case such death should occur during the war when communications would be hampered. So Father Ledochowski asked and obtained the Holy Father's approval for his petition that the powers of the Visitors appointed by him up to then persist after his death in view of the conditions of the time.

This was on May 17, 1940. The two Visitors covered by this Indult were Father Adelard Dugré, English Assistant, and Father Zacheus Maher, American Assistant, to whom faculties of Visitor had been granted, each for his own Assistancy, soon after the beginning of the war.

But, before his death, Father General appointed five other Visitors, namely: Father Joseph Denaux-Lagrange, Provincial of the Toulouse Province, for the French Assistancy; Father Thomas Travi, Provincial of the Argentine Province, for Spanish-speaking Latin American Provinces, except Mexico; Father Aloysius Riou, Provincial of the Central Brazil Province, for Brazil; Father John B. Moyersoen, Superior of the Calcutta Mission, for the Missions of India and Ceylon; and Father George Marin, Superior of the House of Studies at Peking, for the Missions of China.

These five Visitors were not included in the Indult of May, 1940. Soon after entering upon his office of Vicar General, Father Magni confirmed their faculties, in effect reappointing them as Visitors. Also, in the first audience granted to him by the Holy Father, he asked for a sanation for all the acts of these Visitors which were made between the death of Father General and their reappointment to office by Father Vicar. This sanation was granted.

American Jesuit Books

Speaking of Angels. *By David P. McAstocker, S.J.* (Oregon Province). Bruce Publishing Company.

For all of us, dismayed as we must be at times by the selfishness, pride and sensuality of the present age, Father McAstocker's devotional treatise *Speaking of Angels* will strike a distinctly refreshing note. In the course of two hundred pages, the Catholic teaching on the existence of the angels is adequately presented and the profound influence these mighty spirits exert upon the lives and actions of all of us is recalled to mind.

The modern world, tainted as it is with paganism, is inclined to scoff at the suggestion of activity on the part of malignant spirits. That many of the spiritual maladies which afflict so many to-day may be directly referred to the cohorts of Satan, the author makes clear in a chapter on the fallen angels.

The greater portion of the book is, however, devoted to the efforts of the faithful angels in promoting the welfare of mankind. In the course of a separate chapter assigned to each of the Archangels, the author reminds us of the vital roles played by Michael, assisting us in our perpetual conflict with the powers of darkness; by Raphael, the angel of healing, ever available with potent aid for soul and body; by Gabriel, the Angel of the Incarnation and of the Agony, the bearer of so many divine messages of consolation, of hope and of strength.

In the closing chapter, dedicated to Mary Immaculate, the maternal care and protection of the Queen of Angels is dutifully and fittingly presented to our consideration.

One might wish that the author had included footnotes providing references for the various non-Scriptural quotations included in the book, for example on pages 53 and 78.

This book will do much to increase devotion to the angels, to effect the imitation of their virtues and to bring comfort and strength in the struggle with the forces of evil. It will have served its purpose well if the reader comes to 'fear not, for there are more powerful warriors with us than with them.'

J. D. Clark, S.J.

Songs From the Vineyard. *By Clifford McLaughlin, S.J.* (New Orleans Province). St. Charles College Press.

His diamond jubilee in the Society was celebrated before Father McLaughlin finally consented to collect for us his *Songs From the Vineyard.* From Spring Hill, New Orleans, Augusta, Macon, Grand Coteau, Tampa, Woodstock, and other southern landmarks these verses come, as varied in subject and form as the years over which they were written. Noticeable among the poems are the many which honor Spring Hill, and four of the sixty-one sonnets are poetic developments of the "Suscipe." The Christmas and Easter themes are favorites of the author, though by no means his only subjects.

Throughout the 214 pages of this second edition there is a definite unifying element in all the poems, and this despite the variety in setting and form. One cannot but notice how each poem takes its loftiest possible flight "ad amorem." Especially do the "nature" poems remind us of the "Contemplatio."

Father McLaughlin's poetry is truly a worthy contribution to Catholic poetry, and one feels that Joyce Kilmer meant it when he said, "Catholic poetry needs Father McLaughlin."

L. A. Poche, S.J.

The Exemption of Religious in Church Law. *By Joseph D. O'Brien, S.J.* (California Province). Bruce Publishing Company.

Father O'Brien's work is the first treatise in English which presents in detail the principles and the applications of the exemption of religious orders. The book is divided into four sections dealing with preliminary notions, jurisdiction over exempt religious, the extension of exemption, and the limitations of exemption. Though ideas are presented in a simple and non-technical language which makes the work eminently practical for those who are not professional canonists, Father O'Brien never sacrifices scholarship to popularity. The book is well organized for ready reference, and is equipped with an excellent index.

The Exemption of Religious in Church Law will be of value to those of Ours whose office requires a certain knowledge of the finer points of religious exemption from episcopal jurisdiction, but the interest of the book will be general. A copy should be in every Jesuit library.

B. R. E., S.J.

The Theology of St. Paul. *By Fernand Prat, S.J.* Translated from the eleventh French edition by John L. Stoddard. The Newman Bookshop, 1946.

This scholarly work of the French Jesuit Father Prat is too well known to need any lengthy introduction or review. Known, too, is the English translation by John L. Stoddard, published twenty years ago in England.

This reprint by the Newman Bookshop fills an ever growing demand for this book of Father Prat. In addition, it performs the valuable service of correcting many points of faulty and misleading translation in the earlier editions. An appendix of eight closely printed pages has been added to the second volume, giving more accurate translations of many phrases and sentences (341 for the first volume, 161 for the second), prepared by a noted English authority on St. Paul.

The Newman Bookshop is to be congratulated on the service they have rendered American Catholic students in making available this edition of Father Prat's work together with the valuable addenda.

J. G. S., S.J.

Complete Glossary for Vertebrate Embryology. *By Charles J. Wideman, S.J.* (Chicago Province). Edwards Bros. Inc., Ann Arbor, Michigan, 1946 (94 pp.)

The seemingly endless occurance of new technical terms is a stumbling block to students of embryology. Authors do not always use the same term for a single structure or developmental process. Some authors presume an understanding of terms used. Others will couch a definition obscurely in description. Nor are the glossaries at the end of text-books complete enough to make up for the deficiency.

Father Wideman's new glossary solves the problem. He has brought to completion what must have been a long and laborious task by bringing together under one cover definitions of all the terms that are apt to occur in vertebrate or human embryology. There are 79 pages of definitions in alphabetical order. When one word may connote more than one thing, all the meanings are given. The problem of synonyms is solved by cross-references.

Added to the glossary are laboratory directions in comparative embryology covering the chick, rat and pig. Nineteen exercises are succinctly put into eight pages and provide adequate direction for laboratory work in one semester or one quarter course. They are admirably suited for pre-medical

students and leave plenty of room for student initiative in working out and recording each phase of development.

The laboratory directions are intended to accompany Arey's text *"Developmental Anatomy"*. The materials studied are whole mounts, serial sections and stereoscopic plates, the latter by Long and Burlingame. Appended to the exercises is a useful list of the supplies necessary for the course, in addition to 50 blank pages for drawings.

E. L. TUCKER, S.J.

A. M. D. G.

THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS

A RECORD

OF CURRENT EVENTS AND HISTORICAL NOTES CONNECTED WITH THE COLLEGES AND MISSIONS OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS

VOL. LXXV

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE

1946

FOR CIRCULATION AMONG OURS ONLY

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